

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1847.

THE GREAT FOUNTAIN.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

IN the engraving for December, the reader has a scene of rare beauty. It is the famous Fountain near Cassel, in the north of Germany.

The city of Cassel lies on the river Fulda, and has about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. It is noted as the residence of the elector of Hesse Cassel, and for its numerous public buildings, libraries, and collections of works of art. The gallery of paintings, in particular, is spoken of by travelers as containing several master-pieces. During the brief reign of Jerome Bonaparte, who was king of Westphalia, the city was ornamented and much improved.

But Cassel is no great place, after all; nor has it any interest to me, except for its associations with our Revolutionary war. The reader will remember, that, during our great struggle for liberty, the inhuman King of England subsidized the elector of Hesse; and, from that hour, the name of *Hessians* became a terror to the land. Not knowing our language, and fighting only for pay, they neither knew when to give quarter, nor felt the slightest stirrings of compassion amidst the most awful brutalities of the field. The British monarch well knew, that his own subjects, meeting their brothers and kinsmen fighting in defense of their families and homes, might occasionally be smitten with compunctions not likely to add any vigor or ferocity to their arms. These Hessians, therefore, barbarians to our language and blood, in their wholesale slaughters, could best support the rage and revenge of the rabid George; and their prince, the elector, tithing their soldier's pay, could retire to his castle near this splendid spring, and bask in sloth and sunshine, without a scruple to disturb his repose.

But for this the Fountain is not at fault. Its waters are pure and clean. The blood of our countrymen stains not the stream. Nor is yon lofty castle, on the distant heights, with its lovely cascade on either side, to be charged with cruel deeds. If the earth were to answer for the crimes of man, there is not a brook, nor a clod, nor a fragment of a rock, nor a sand on the shore of the sea, which would not be overwhelmed with guilt.

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Nor is it certain, that the elector himself, while enjoying, in this retreat, the Fountain and the breeze, was at all troubled by a conscience ill at ease. He had done nothing new or strange. It was the practice of all Europe to fight battles with mercenary troops; and, at that time, war was not only a science, but a trade. With a mind at rest, and with his pockets full of British gold, he could retire often from the cares of state, and bury himself in the pleasures of this gorgeous retreat. In the morning, he could take his lady and his staff, and walk down to the small tower at the foot of that little knob, and then ramble across the current to the farther bank, giving his children full play at his sides, and his maids of honor a chance to gabble with the geese so gayly floating on the bosom of the stream. In the afternoon, when the sun began to decline, he could assemble all his household on the other bank, under the tall trees' shade, and eat dainties from rude tables laid in the old rural style, and toast his northern favorites on the wines of the south, and talk Phœbus himself to sleep in detailing the business and battles of the world. But at night, my friend, when the sharp wind began to blow, and the white frost to creep, and the fagots to crackle on the royal hearth, then that old castle, high up above all eyes and ears, was the place for routs and revelry, such as modern times but seldom see. There were then music and merriment in those baronial halls. There the light foot, in its light slipper, winged and wild, tripped in the mazy dance, exhibiting the "poetry of motion" in its highest flights. The loud laugh, and the piquant joke, and the ringing cheer, kept that old pile drowned in a tumultuous joy, till the latest watch of night, or the russet break of dawn.

But, now, they sleep—they sleep, no more to wake, till another morning come. But the castle, and the tower, and the cascades, and the bluff hills steeped with tall trees, are yet there. There, too, is the glorious Fountain, spouting its shaft of crystal water far up above tree, and tower, and hill. Let it spout on, gentle reader. I have other scenes to show you. My contributors have done their duty. Their thoughts, their style, their pictures of faith and fancy, invite you. Come away.

W O M A N .

BY IMOGEN MERCEIN.

"Our moral life, our influence is not gone,
When the material bonds around us break;
In other minds our spirit still lives on;
Though dead, we speak."

AGAIN we invite our young friends to listen to words once eloquent in living tones, and still the abiding echo of sentiments and feelings once warmly uttered. The motto of our article contains a glorious truth; and, as we ponder awhile the character of MRS. SARAH L. SMITH, late missionary to Palestine, we may imbibe much of her spirit, imitate much of her example, and, by exerting much of her influence, may, in our turn, have for our epitaph that which will rob Death even of his earthly power:

"In other minds *our* spirit still lives on,
Though dead, *we* speak."

In reviewing the life of Mrs. Shuck, missionary to China, who left her native land at the early age of eighteen, to accompany the husband, to whom she was united, to a foreign shore, and whom after years proved to be a devoted, pious missionary, we hazarded a remark, which, perhaps, requires a little explanation. It was, that we did not deem the manifestation which she was enabled to give, the highest form of missionary principle.

We have the most exalted opinion of the strength of woman's affection. Its depth none but the God who created it can fathom. Within the extent of life it hath no boundaries. Death only—her own, or that of the objects to whom she is clinging—can create a barrier to that active, self-sacrificing affection, which leads her "to do or dare" all that the wishes or the necessities of the object of her love demands.

The history of almost all countries abounds with illustrations of this fact. The exceptions exist only where man in his cruelty has so crushed her beneath the level of the beasts that perish, that intellect is totally darkened, and the native spring of warm affections sealed by the iron hand of utter despotism. Even where infanticide prevails, we mark the principle in perverted action. When a missionary reasoned with a heathen mother upon the cruelty which had just consigned a female infant to the tomb, "Should I spare her to suffer all that I have suffered?" was the bitter reply of her desolated heart. In Christian lands, where woman is free to feel and act, we see the principle beautifully developed. In the sunny calm of domestic quiet, when she is the centre of happiness and love—in the season of protracted illness and agonizing bereavement, when the strong man is shaken, or is utterly bowed, then she who, in sunshine's hour, was but the vine clinging around the stately oak, becomes, amid the darkness and the storm, a shield to protect him from the

fierceness of the tempest, or a prop to prevent his entire prostration to the earth.

Clinging with all intensity to "her childhood's home, the home of riper years," loving father, mother, sister, brother, with an affection that seems not to admit of increase, she still, at the bidding of another, turns from them all (it may be with many tears, but with cheerful resolution) to a far distant land, to meet trials, privations, and loneliness, to which she had previously been an entire stranger. Of this we have daily proof in our western emigrations, and learn that woman's love, without the addition of Christian principle, can nerve her to do or suffer any thing for and with one who has secured it in its purity and strength.

Therefore, we argue that the fact of a woman leaving country and kindred, to accompany her husband to a foreign shore, proves nothing as to the existence of a missionary principle; yea, though she be a Christian woman, it does not prove that "the love of Christ constraineth" her. If, in the quietude of her paternal home, she has not been willing "to do good unto all men, as she had opportunity"—if she has not agonized, in feeling and in prayer, for the benighted heathen, and been constrained, at sometime, to offer herself up to God, to labor or suffer *wherever* he should appoint, whether at *home or abroad*, then the true missionary spirit does not exist, and a willingness to depart for a foreign land does not create it. Sympathy with her husband, and the view of the dying heathen, may, under God's blessing, awaken it, and generally does; but we are writing for those who are not *yet* called to depart; and we are influenced by two considerations in thus defining our position.

The first is, that the world feel all the force of this argument, and we may as well admit it; the other is, that the young are apt to dwell much more upon future position than upon present privileges. We close our exordium with a quotation from Mrs. Smith, ere we enter into the analysis of her character. She says, when writing from Syria, "You need not wait to get upon missionary ground before becoming an accepted missionary with God. Ere I left my father's house, I was convinced of the truth, and am now confirmed in it, that, within the walls of her own dwelling, a young female may cultivate and exhibit all the qualifications of a devoted missionary. As a daughter, sister, &c., she may be so humble, faithful, obliging, and self-denying—may acquire such self-control, that, even should she die before entering upon a wider sphere, she would merit the commendation, 'She hath done what she could.' Therefore, be not impatient or uneasy while you are providentially detained amid everyday duties within a narrow circle, but whatever your hand findeth to do there, do it, at the same time cherishing the determination to assume greater responsibilities and more self-denial whenever God shall give the opportunity."

Miss Huntingdon, afterward Mrs. Smith, was (we rejoice to write it) an American by birth—a native of the city of Norwich, Connecticut—one of the brightest stars in that New England galaxy, whose splendor is unsurpassed in the moral firmament. She was by nature of buoyant temperament, and cheerful disposition—self-willed and passionate to a great degree, but with the counteracting power of warm and deep affections. She possessed a superior mind, great soundness of judgment, and refinement of taste. She enjoyed the advantages of a good education, and, through the mercy of God, experienced religion when about eighteen years of age. There is scarcely a point of Miss H.'s character on which we would not like to dwell; but the design of our article confines us almost exclusively to one view—the formation of her missionary character. Her first Christian efforts were made in the Sabbath school; for, although she had been a teacher previous to her conversion, she, of course, turned to it again with new views and feelings. Here she seems to have labored faithfully through all her subsequent course. The next we mark is her efforts to influence those who had previously been her most intimate friends. "Two cannot walk together unless they be agreed." This she most fully realized at the outset of her Christian course; and as separation, to her affectionate nature, was agonizing to anticipate, she spared no arguments or entreaties to induce them to enter into the same blessed path. The next we notice is her fraternal feelings. These were most strongly marked, and most beautifully developed. Her only sister was older, and soon married; therefore, that union was in a measure interrupted; and Miss H. seems to have turned, with concentrated interest and affection, to her brothers, two of whom were younger than herself. For them she wept, and prayed, and agonized—with them she pleaded, in personal intercourse and epistolary correspondence, with an importunity that took no denial. Her letters are beautiful specimens of intense anxiety, warm affection, and Christian faithfulness. And when, in answer to such faithful effort, her brothers, one after the other, were won to the cross of Christ, language seemed powerless to express her gratitude and joy. The depth of her feelings may be shown by an extract from a letter, written to her youngest brother, when she had reason to fear he was somewhat declining in religious feeling. It was felt on the reception of his: "My anguish of body and mind were unequalled by any thing I ever before endured—not even by the view which, in my early experience, I had of the opposition of my own heart; for then my ideas of God's holiness and requirements were more limited than I trust they now are. Dear brother, I hope you may never be left to the depths of such sorrow, unless they be necessary for your humiliation. I groaned in my spirit, and could find no relief. After the most intense struggle, to no purpose,

I was convinced I should never become composed alone; and I requested mamma to come up stairs and pray with me, which she did." Through the whole of his collegiate course she ceased not to warn, to encourage, and to plead for him. She writes, "Since I first began to pray for you, it has been my earnest petition, that you might be an 'ambassador for Christ,' until you requested that I would not ask any thing definitely for you. The last time, however, I approached a throne of grace, previous to the arrival of your letter, I did once more, in submission, supplicate that you might preach the Gospel. That letter received this answer: 'Your good letter, my beloved brother, I may truly say, afforded me more pleasure than any previous one which I ever received from you or any other person. The expression in your last, "I have, with the assistance of God, determined to devote myself to the Gospel ministry," preceded as it was by earnest desires after holiness, was indeed like sweet music to my soul. You have been borne upon my feeble prayers with more energy and constancy than any other dear ones, from the peculiar temptations of your constitution and temperament,'" &c. Miss H.'s correspondence with this brother was rich in various other counsel, adapted to his case, like those from which we have already quoted. Among the subjects were the following: The importance of decision of Christian character; activity and efficiency in the service of Christ; commitment of his way to God in faith; Christian influence upon others. That brother died ere he became a preacher of the Gospel. That sister nursed him through a protracted illness, and witnessed his triumphant exit to the land of rest. But, though her earthly hopes were blighted, how sweet were the remembrances of the past! Those hours of mutual prayer, those seasons of sacred, intimate intercourse, those letters so replete with affection and counsel, how they came with sweet and soothing influence, calming tumultuous grief, and awakening deep thanksgiving, that she had been instrumental in leading that darling brother home to God, yea, up to the everlasting throne. Does the eye of one glance over these pages, whose young Christian heart has oftentimes mourned over a contracted field of action? Is that one a sister? Has she brothers, particularly younger brothers, whom she may influence and direct, for whom she may make home the sweetest spot on earth, and gently, yet surely, make an impress on his molding character, of all that is pure in her own affection, lofty in her own intellect, or sanctified in her own ambition? If she has, let her not deem her field of usefulness contracted. Her own sphere may continue quiet and unobserved; but she may live to see the brother whom she has swayed, go forth to sway the million. The intellect she has trained, (comparatively,) and the heart she has molded to almost woman's tenderness, may flash light into a myriad heathen minds, or, with sympathetic

power, pour consolation into bleeding human hearts. And that brother, from his lofty eminence of intellect and position, may trace (amid all the added influences of after years) the ocean fullness of thought and feeling, the steady stream of usefulness and influence, back to the first unsealing of that sister's hand, when the youthful fount gushed free, and the feeble rivulet received impulse and direction. This all may be; for many a sister has supplied the lack of a mother's care, or, by her close proximity in age and taste, has done far more than even the mother could accomplish. There is no feeling on earth more akin to the pure joys of heaven, than that which glows in a fond sister's heart, as she views a young brother advance in knowledge, and consecrate his talents to the cross of Christ. There is no envy that he has far outstripped her in the onward course of knowledge and of influence. She delights to clasp the hand and lean upon the arm whose tiny embrace, in childhood's hour, is still fresh in her remembrance, and drink fresh inspiration from the lips she taught to lisp the sacred words of "our Father." Let our young friends, then, survey anew their position, and regard it as the first exercise of missionary feeling.

Miss Huntingdon engaged in all the various plans of usefulness which, in this day, abound on every side. The monthly concert for prayer, the efforts to aid desolate districts, every thing connected with missionary effort, seems to have received her especial co-operation. When Greece was suffering, she worked for Greece; when a warehouse was opened for objects of benevolence, she was found industriously drawing, painting, and sewing for its benefit; when anniversaries were celebrated, either of home or foreign societies, she went to have her feelings aroused, or deepened, as the circumstances might require. It is delightful to trace, throughout her journal and letters, the rapid expansion of her love and zeal. From the first impulse of her Christian heart they widened and extended, as surely and rapidly as the ripples of the calm, pure lake, awakened by the descending pebble. Or, truer still, as the wave, receding from our western shore, meets and is absorbed by another, larger, fuller, stronger, which is again, and yet again, absorbed by still increasing volume, until expanded into the ocean fullness which embraces the entire world; so the first rising of her Christian love, which, in its incipient action, only watered the home circle of her affections, swelled until it reached the dying Mohegan in its life-giving influence; and, while lingering there, the missionary feeling, strengthened by increasing fullness of heavenly power, swept beyond the barriers of country and kindred to the land once trod by Jesus' feet, once stained with Jesus' blood, made desolate by Jesus' curse, and which yet (relying on Jesus' promise) is "to bud and blossom as the rose."

In 1823 she writes, "Mr. M. took some pains to

convince me that I ought to be a missionary; but I told him I never had thought that my calling." In 1826: "I have thought much recently on the subject of missions. I never felt it my duty to go myself to the heathen. But I do feel I ought to make every exertion with my hands (my all) in their behalf. How much we might do by devoting one hour each day to them!" In 1827: "At a recent Bible class, Mr. M. remarked upon the costly sacrifice which Mary offered to our Savior, in gratitude for the restoration of her brother Lazarus, as an example to those whom God has blessed in the conversion of their friends. It went to my heart. I am deficient in gratitude and devotedness." In 1829, after being permitted to rejoice in the conversion of her second brother, she says, "I feel now as if I should rejoice to be a missionary to the heathen. We owe a thank-offering." In 1831: "I should like to go to the Washington isles, mentioned by Mr. Stewart, where no missionary has ever been. But my path seems plainly marked out. Pray for me, dear brother, that I may have grace to subordinate every duty to those *filial* ones which are now so important." In the latter part of that year her mind had made such progress on the subject of missions, that she came to the conclusion expressed in the following extract: "Our annual meeting of the Foreign Missionary Society was very interesting. I then made the resolution that, whenever my dear parents want me no longer, if unsettled as I now am, I shall devote myself personally to a mission among the heathen. So you may consider me, henceforth, a *missionary in heart*, and, when circumstances favor, must be ready to resign me." But it was not only in reading missionary intelligence, and reflection upon it, that Miss H. was cherishing the spirit of missions. "As early as the year 1827, she had become interested in the condition and necessities of a remnant of the Mohegan Indians, living six miles from Norwich. In 1830, we find her concerned in the circulation of a subscription to build a church for them; and, with a circle of Christian females, among whom she met for prayer each week, making the case of the western tribes, threatened with dispersion, a subject of especial prayer." Here we shall awhile tarry, and contemplate her plans and success. She writes to a friend: "You inquire respecting my plans for Mohegan. Miss R., of Montville, and myself, have engaged to keep a weekly school for the Indian children, this winter, taking weeks alternately. We meet there on horseback to-morrow, to reconnoitre the ground, and expect to commence on Monday after Thanksgiving." Assigning to one of her brothers a reason for her engagement in this difficult and self-denying work, she remarks: "One special inducement to my plan arises from my sense of *God's mercy to my brothers*. I have virtually promised a thank-offering, and I am straitened till I find some way of presenting it. I resolved that, if

God heard me, and renewed the hearts of my brothers, I would devote myself wholly to him. When others have almost reproved me for self-denial, I have longed to tell them the secret impulse. But my own heart has accused me of broken vows, while others have said I was going too far." The details of her labors and method of spending her time, may be gathered from a letter commenced December 12th, and journalized under subsequent dates: "Seated in my little missionary parlor, which serves for parlor, bed-room, kitchen, school-room, and chapel, I have composed myself to the sweet employment of answering your good and long letter. I have a school of eighteen or twenty, including four adults—one man, two married women, and a 'squassise.' They come at half-past nine, and stay until four, having a half an hour's intermission; and we carry on arithmetic, millinery, tailoring, &c., besides the ordinary avocations of a school. All these, with the government of untutored, untamed beings, nearly exhaust my powers during the day; and at evening I have work to fit and my profession to study. But I am quite satisfied. I came here for their benefit, and not to please myself. Our Sabbath school is nearly twice as large, embracing whites, and is kept up four hours of the Sabbath, besides an intermission. I leave home on Sunday morning, and return the next Sunday evening, and Miss R. does the same; so we are both here on the Sabbath. My circumstances and duties are altogether new; and I sometimes think myself in a dream. Will you pray for God's Spirit to visit our school and this vicinity." Not satisfied with laboring for the present supply of the spiritual wants of this people, Miss H. conceived the plan of seeking aid from the legislature of Connecticut, and also from the government of the United States. A petition to the former was drawn by her, and, with accompanying signatures, was presented at the session in May, 1841. The object of the petition was to obtain the aid of the state to give them Christian instruction and a school. This application failed, however. In prosecution of the object on which her heart was set, she addressed a letter to the Hon. Lewis Cass, then Secretary of War, to which department of the general government belongs the superintendence of Indian affairs. She also addressed a letter to her kinsman, the Hon. Jabez W. Huntingdon, then a representative in Congress from Connecticut, requesting such aid as it might be in his power to afford. The result of this effort was successful in obtaining an appropriation of five hundred dollars toward erecting buildings, and four hundred dollars for the support of a teacher. The first sum was employed in building a house for the teacher, and the latter has been annually appropriated to his support. The church was built wholly with funds obtained in Norwich, through the efforts of Miss H. and her first coadjutor in this enterprise.

She therefore writes most cheerfully to a friend: "It is just *one year* since we commenced our labors in that kitchen, under embarrassments which your memory will recall. Now they have a chapel, a stated ministry, and the means for its support. Now, my dear friend, why should we not come before God, and implore that gift which, of all others, he is most pleased to bestow, the Holy Spirit, without which every other blessing will become a curse?" After these arrangements were made, through her instrumentality, she writes, "My week-day duties at Mohegan have ceased; but my Sabbaths are spent with them, and will be through the summer. The Sabbath school increases in number and interest, and we are so happy as to obtain three pious teachers upon the ground, which, with two others, and a superintendent from Norwich, will give it some importance."

It is proper here to remark, that Miss H.'s interest in this object knew no decrease, in the midst of her foreign missionary labors. Writing, in Syria, to her first associate in labor among the Mohegans, she says: "Miss Williams and myself often talk of Mohegan; and we have received many interesting letters from Mr. G. I shall not forget the scenes in old Lucy's kitchen, and beneath the haystack, in which you and I mingled. I trust we shall talk of them in heaven."*

With one or two reflections, we now close our contemplations of Miss Huntingdon as a *home* missionary. In the natural world, repression generally precedes the period of great expansion. Man's wisdom has taught him to augment the power of the quiet stream, by erecting a dam at any given point. The concentration of the power increases the velocity of the wheel, or multiplies the instruments of action. Even thus in the world of thought and feeling—even thus does God oftentimes work in his spiritual arrangements, through the instrumentality of his chosen agents. The climax of Christian experience is abidingly to feel, "Not my will, but thine, O God, be done;" and it requires much teaching ere the soul learns to relinquish not only what is wrong, but what is right—to lose all definite wishes to be

* It may gratify the reader to know the present state of that little mission. The following extract from a letter recently received (this was in 1839) from Rev. Anson Gleason, the pastor and teacher stationed at Mohegan, answers inquiry on this point. After giving an account of the organization of the Church, he observes: "Since then, from time to time, others have been hopefully converted and united to our little fold, till upward of forty have been enrolled, thirteen of whom are natives. Our members, generally, are spiritual and active, both natives and whites, and live in much harmony and good feeling. Thus, dear brother, you see that the precious seed your sister sowed in tears, here in this hard soil, has come up, and yielded a glorious harvest. The little school she left is very prosperous. There are now twenty native children who attend school, and are making good progress in useful studies. One little Indian girl is making rapid progress in the Latin Reader."

or to act in any chosen sphere, and to acquire that "wise passiveness" which leaves the time, the mode, the degree, entirely to God's wisdom and arrangement. Reaching this point of perfect faith in God, a door is opened, through which the soul enters into "a large place" of spiritual enjoyment, or (if the restriction has been of an outward providential character) into a widened sphere of Christian action. Miss H. knew this experience. She writes: "I have been hedged up of late, and my circle of duties continually narrowing, until my field is circumscribed by the walls of my Father's house; and even here my labors are more limited and less important than you might suppose," &c. And again, to her father, in connection with the missionary desires then expressed: "During my illness, last summer, my hopes received a check; and fearing that my constitution was injured, I almost relinquished the expectations I had indulged. I was cast into the valley of humiliation, too, where I felt that God regarded me as he did his servant David, when he accepted the desire which prompted him to build a temple to his honor, but chose another thus to perpetuate his glory. The sudden death of my brother had a tendency to deepen my humility, if, through grace, I may give it that appellation; and this winter I have had such exercises as I never knew before. I have sought to concentrate my feelings and desires within the narrow but not unimportant circle of home engagements. In retracing my past views, which led me to ask for an assimilation with prophets, apostles, and martyrs, I feared that the incense had been touched with unhallowed fire. I determined to devote myself exclusively to the performance of filial and other relative duties, and in honor to prefer all others to myself; and this I wished to do without arrogating to myself any merit, as though it were a condescension. I have felt myself under a cloud, but I have not lost my anchor; and my whole spirit was more like that of a little child, than any thing which I had ever before experienced. I was willing to relinquish the cherished object of my heart, the missionary cause, and to be or to do whatever God required, small as it might appear." Here, then, she stood, a missionary in feeling and in action, when she became acquainted with the Rev. Eli Smith, who had been a missionary in western Asia (Palestine) for six or seven years, and was then on a visit to his native land.

TEA.

THE use of tea in China is said to be more ancient than their own history. It is found in every house, from the hut of the peasant to the palace of the king. All the people, young and old, are said to drink it three times a day, and men of property use it as a constant beverage in the place of wine or water. And, strange to say, Dr. Liebig, the great chemist, thinks tea not only harmless, but even nutritious.

NATURE AND NATURE'S GOD.

BY JOHN O. WINNER.

It must be so! I feel it in the depths of my heart! The Hand that made us is divine. A thought to the contrary is treason against one's own nature, and would send the feelings that come welling up from the soul back to their abodes with reluctant but tumultuous haste.

The doctrine that the universe is the work of a good and all-wise God, few have the hardihood to deny. And no wonder. If they should, the very stones would cry out against them; for is not every lineament of Nature's speaking face impressed with the finger of Divinity?

But, contemplating nature in connection with the Deity, there is one thought that seizes upon the mind, and for a time absorbs the whole soul of him who looks from "nature up to nature's God:" it is his benevolence—his *love*. And how pleasing is the reflection, how it elevates, and, at the same time, melts and subdues the heart!

The apostle John says, "God is love." We open our eyes to the glorious light of day, and nature, grand, beautiful, and sublime nature, is spread out before our astonished gaze. The soul drinks in the loveliness of the scene. Stretching far away almost to the limits of vision, is the beautifully variegated and exquisitely picturesque landscape, at whose extremity some lofty mountain, one of nature's noblemen, rears his head in solemn grandeur to the clouds, as if to hold communion with the skies. Taking our station upon one of his rocky ribs, what a sight bursts upon our already enraptured vision!—the illimitable plain, diversified with hill and dale, and dotted over with woodlands, all teeming with life, and vocal with song. And, while some majestic river courses his devious way to the eternity of waters, his progress is marked by the foaming cataract, amid the spray of whose waters the dancing sunlight displays to the admiring beholder the miniature likeness of the seal of Jehovah's second promise to man. All around seems full of life and animation—flowing streams, rippling rills, and babbling brooks—the rustling of the leaves, the waving of the forest trees, and even the but half restrained summer's blast, increases its grandeur, and harmonizes with the scene. The effect is irresistible. The rapt soul of the beholder is almost dumb with admiration, and can only murmur, how lovely is nature! and, O, the God of nature, he *must be love*!

But the wisdom of God, how it dazzles and confounds the wisest of his creatures! When we consider the heavens the work of his fingers, the moon and the stars he has ordained, there is a vastness, a sublimity of grandeur connected with the thought, which seems to paralyze the soul at the very onset. We turn our gaze upward, and behold the broad expanse, and Phœbus riding in splendor the circle

of the heavens. He sinks behind the western hills; but his departure reveals a still more, though less brightly glorious sight, for the moon, with her glittering host, takes up the wondering tale, and we feel to say, with the poet,

"In every star Thy wisdom shines."

How heartless must he be, whose soul does not thrill in admiration of nature, and throb in adoration of nature's God! But if the external and visible creation is so lovely, and declarative of the wisdom of the Creator, when we consider its internal regulations and laws, the motion of the heavenly bodies, and the direction of that motion, the harmony of which constitutes the "music of the spheres," we involuntarily exclaim, "O, the depths of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" And every step we take, but reveals to our wonder-stricken soul new glimpses of the hidden and infinite wisdom of Him, who "spake and it came forth, who commanded, and it stood fast."

THE STEP-MOTHER'S REWARD.

BY MARIA JANE AGARD.

EDITH was seated alone in her chamber, putting the last trimming upon a fine white lawn dress, when a sudden tap at her door startled her, and before she could hurry away the garment from exposure, her friend Agnes entered. "I see," said Agnes gayly, "you are making the wedding dress, and were going to hide it from me, but I know all about it. How *can* you marry that dull, prosy, old widower, with two children, too? You are getting yourself into business, I assure you. You, who are only twenty-four, and can get the best match in all the country, marry a widower, to bring up his children!"

"And what better motive could I have, than to do good to Mr. Danforth's poor children?" replied Edith. "He is neither *dull* nor *prosy*, but a man of talent, very agreeable, and only ten years my senior in age. We respect and esteem each other, and what more is necessary? Beside, I have not blindly followed my own inclinations in this matter, but have diligently sought the Divine direction; and I believe it is a providential circumstance, that I am to marry Mr. Danforth." And she *did* marry him.

Mr. D. had been twice a widower, and Edith felt that it was a responsible station for one of her age. She undertook the performance of her duties with fear and trembling. Ellen Danforth was seven years of age, and had once known the partial treatment of a step-mother. Maurice was four, and had been the pet of his injudicious mother. Ellen was a lovely girl, of great natural buoyancy of spirits; but they had been crushed; and those who knew her, thought they saw the buddings of an uncommon intellect. Hitherto she had been kept from books, although

books were already her delight, lest, in her mental endowments, she should outgrow her brother. She had been taught to think she was like nobody else—that she was a very *strange* child; and over this she would often weep in secret.

Her father was a man of business, and had little time to study her character; and, seeing her but little, he did not fully understand her, although she would sometimes steal to his side, and timidly inquire, "Papa, do you think I am like my mamma, my *own* mamma, that is in heaven?" And she *was* strange, for she was gifted; and the quick eye of partial love saw it, and thought it necessary to retard her progress as much as possible. Perhaps Maurice might outshine her yet—he already made her his slave. But this unwise mother was taken away, and Edith more than filled her place. The little girl soon began to find that, from being constantly shut up in a gloomy nursery, with nothing to amuse her but her own silent thoughts, her new mother frequently led her forth to the lawn, with her little brother, and bid them be merry.

Always cheerful and communicative, Edith soon drew the thoughtful Ellen out of her silent solitude, and won her confidence. For hours they would sit, mother and daughter, under the shade of a spreading elm, and hold such converse as the gifted, alone, can hold. Many and strange were the questions born in the soul of the musing child; but Edith answered them all. When Midnight spread his sable wing over the beautiful earth, would she rise from her couch, to commune with the silent moon and stars; or, when the clouds, like a pall, shut these out from her physical vision, she would seem to hold intercourse with the damp breeze laden with the rich perfume of summer's verdure; or steal away, like a spirit, to her mother's chamber, to ask some question concerning the mysteries of our being. "Did we not come from heaven, mamma? It seems just as though that was my home, where I must have lived before I came to this strange world. Did not my *thinking part* come from heaven?" Thus would the eager child question her "new, dear mamma," as she was wont to call her; and she was filled with gratitude, that she had at last found one willing to answer her many queries.

On one occasion, she heard her father reading a fine poem, apparently quite above the comprehension of a child of seven years; but she listened, and was delighted, as she whispered to Edith, "Listen, that is just like my thoughts in the still, dark night, when I am alone; and are they not beautiful thoughts?" From that time *poetry* formed a part of her education.

Daily were the children led through a regular course of study by their excellent mother; and at its close were they taught to review the day, examine their hearts, confess their sins, and offer up their prayers to Him who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." This wise instruction,

accompanied by a mother's prayers, was not without its happy results, for both these lovely children showed, ere they arrived at adult age, that they had "Christ put on."

At seventeen, Maurice, with much regret, left his mother's instructions, *fitted by her* for the university. And when, in after years, she heard him preach the everlasting Gospel, with power and effect, she lifted her heart in thankfulness to God, that he had enabled her to perform her duties as a mother to his honor and glory.

Here, indeed, is an example for mothers. She seemed to emulate that of Cornelia, the illustrious mother of the Gracchi, and, like theirs, the talents of her son shone with the lustre she had lent. But her success in intellectual and religious instruction was equaled only by her skill in domestic employments. Like Miss Elizabeth Carter, she was an adept in many sciences; yet her intellectual pursuits never interfered with her domestic economy. Hers was a well-ordered house. How many of *us* are like her? At the early age of ten, Ellen was accustomed to feel responsible for the performance of some of the household duties. These increased as she grew in years and ability; and, at the age of eighteen, Edith deemed her not only a good housekeeper, and an excellent manager of financial concerns, but an accomplished, educated, and talented woman, and a humble Christian. And Edith was not alone in her opinion. It had not its foundation in the partial pride of a happy mother; but all who knew the daughter were of one mind; and the world acknowledged the merit of her poetical productions. And Edith had, humanly speaking, done it all. But she took no honor to herself—she constantly thanked the Author of wisdom that he had given her ability to instruct, and that he had graciously kept the feet of her adopted ones from the paths of error and destruction.

Are there not many mothers who are *capable* of educating their children at home, thus keeping them from the too often contaminating influence of strangers? Ellen is still before the public, to delight and instruct the reader of taste. She occupies a station in the literary world scarcely second to the wisest and best.

And what would Ellen say of step-mothers? What do people generally say of them? Their character, it seems to me, is not sufficiently understood. O, their place is a holy one! tread not the ground carelessly. Their duties are many and arduous. Speak not lightly of their performances. Their enemies are numerous and watchful. Increase not the number or vigilance of their foes; but rather pray that guidance from above be theirs. The step-mother, if she performs her duty, is a *gem* in the casket of human souls. She occupies a lofty eminence, attained by few; for to those not of herself she proclaims "truths that wake to perish never."

REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD.

BY VIVENZO.

"As some fierce comet, of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence as it passed,
So he through *shining constellations* took
His flight sublime, and on the loftiest top
Of fame's dread mountain sat."—POLLOCK.

JOHN SUMMERFIELD was one of those extraordinary messengers of Heaven that occasionally appear in the religious world, dazzling the eye, and exciting universal attention, amazement, and admiration. His early life presents nothing remarkably memorable. It is simply a narrative of the kind dealings of an *all-wise* Providence with a youth of precocious mind, graceful manners, variable habits, extreme sensibility, and diligent in his studies, fond of oratory, loved by his friends, and exciting the attention of observing strangers, till nineteen years had passed over his head. Then he was Scripturally converted from the error of his ways, and the Almighty at once thrust him out, with his finely-tempered and shining sickle, into the harvest-field of the world. He became transformed; and, grasping that sickle with quenchless zeal, went on reaping that which he had not sowed. Practice made him a skillful workman, and discipline made him strong; and soon outstripping all his colaborers, they stretched their dizzy eyes to discover him in the distance. In the burning sun and scorching atmosphere, and streaming with perspiration, with an eye upturned to heaven, and a prayer trembling upon his lips, he dashed on and on, leaving his well-bound sheaves as proof of his Heaven-directed skill.

Summerfield, like Patrick Henry, shone from the time of his first appearance as a public speaker. His voice was charming, his illustrations were felicitous, his descriptions sublime, his paintings of the choicest coloring, and all his conceptions truthful. This, of itself, gave him a superior command over the thousands who listened to his voice; but when we add to this, that he spoke with a soul deeply imbued with the love of God, and a lively sense of the peril of immortal souls, on the holiest and most inspiring themes which can engage the mind of men or angels, it is no wonder that he seemed to stand on an altitude above that ordinarily reached by ministers of the glorious Gospel, and tinged with the reflected radiance of the Majesty on high.

A being of such exaltation as the King of all the earth is represented to be in his holy word, who will bend down from his throne to pluck a sinner from the raging fire, has, certainly, a just claim upon that creature for all the powers of his ransomed soul. This truth Summerfield acknowledged. Hence, a consciousness of his own indebtedness to God for redeeming mercy, entered into all his operations, and appears to have been the moving spring of all his

labors. This likewise led him to diligent study of the Scriptures, and deep personal piety.

It was his peculiar gift to water the seed of life, and nourish the plant of grace in the soul of his hearer; and hence his ministrations were generally as the gentle rain upon the new-mown grass, unaccompanied by the grumbling of the distant thunder, or the gleam of the far-off lightning. He melted down the sinner's opposition, and thawed away the icebergs of cold indifference around his heart, by the spirit of a burning love. Sometimes, it is true, his message was like the thunder's peal in a clear sky, at the midnight hour, making one start as from a dreamy trance, and look around with a bewildering glance, as if wishing and yet dreading a succession. When he did tip his eloquent tongue with the terrible, it was sufficient to make one quail and shiver with dread, at the awful realities that he brought to view. In his sermon on, "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone," we have a specimen of this kind. After describing what spiritual idolatry is, he comes to the command of God, "Let him alone." He then exhibits God as ceasing to chasten—the angels, as they hear the touching command, giving a last look, and uttering, "F-a-r-e-w-e-l-l"—Christ as ceasing to plead his cause—the Holy Spirit as giving up his strivings, and the poor outcast of heaven wandering as a blank in creation. Then, as if breathing a deeper inspiration, he lanches forth again; and you see the sinner surrounded with infernal spirits—you almost hear the clinking of their hammers, as they rivet his fetters—you see him chained, and hear their wild, demoniac laugh, as, with his smoking pen, Satan writes his name in the book of everlasting death. You then see him tread God's earth, a walking spectre, with a petrified conscience, and regardless of divine things, till the hour of death, when devils throng his gloomy room, and, the moment life's sands run out, see them fly away, dragging with them his shrinking spirit. Then, again, you see the judgment-seat, and the books opened—winged seraphs flying through the flaming heavens—fiends grasping their prey—Satan clutching the now conscience-tortured idolater, and thundering out the words once uttered by God, "'Let him alone,' he is mine!" and, spurned from the throne, you see the man who might have pealed the high praises of redeeming love for ever, hurled down the craggy steeps to the caverns of the damned.

It was not the depth of his reasoning, the Herculean powers of his mind, or the astonishing loftiness of his thoughts, that made him the "admired of all the admirers," but rather that sweet, captivating manner, which unconsciously took the soul away in a kind of delicious delirium, that became so intense that the heart seemed drunk, and stood still, to look around for something on which to lean for support. In some of his strains, he rose like a brilliant rocket, that, sweeping through its circuit in the air, comes

down again to earth a shower of variegated beauties. Perhaps the next salutation would be as a near and unexpected discharge of artillery, making the ears tingle, and leaving you, for a moment, struggling with the stench of the powder, and blinded with the smoke, which only rolled away to exhibit him like a fully accoutred soldier, mounted on a fiery steed, dashing away with loaded carbine aimed at the heart of some foe to God.

It was a feast to hear him read his hymns. I met with a gentleman, recently, in the city of New York, who had frequently heard him preach, and who related that he was particularly fond of that hymn containing the verses:

"If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.
Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours;
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new."

These verses he would read with astonishing peculiarity of accent and feeling.

Counting his life not dear unto himself in the proclamation of Gospel truth, and in the salvation of sinners, he exerted every energy of body and mind to the utmost of his ability. He swept through the compass of created things with a rush that made one tremble to behold. His fragile constitution and nervous temperament, brought him, at times, to a considerable extent, under the government of his fiery feelings and glowing love, when delivering his messages of peace; and, excited with his subject, and carried away by the intensity of his burning thoughts, he was forgetful of self, and reckless of precious life. He, indeed, "went with the speed of a chariot wheel down hill, till the axle catches fire." There was, undoubtedly, something in the nature of his case that made the responsibilities doubly pressing. The immense multitudes that he addressed, the undivided attention that was given him, and the masterly control which he, for the time being, exerted over them, gave him to see, that impressions which he was then fixing, would, perhaps, in numerous cases, mold the soul's character for ever, and induced him to expend his own life with almost censurable prodigality, to procure the salvation of the soul of his hearer. He uttered his urgent exhortations with these feelings, and hurled the missiles of his warnings as if he were feeling the heated atmosphere of hell on one hand, and gazing at the dazzling glories of heaven on the other. He urged men to escape the wrath to come, as though he heard, with open ear, the loud chorus of wails, and groans, and deathless shrieks, that eternally flit, like the

storm-bird of the ocean, over the restless billows of endless death, and at the same time heard the lofty anthems of redeeming love, that sound from the harps and quiver on the spirit lips of the countless millions surrounding the throne of the adorable Lamb. Yet there was no rhapsody—nothing but what was regular. All was well-arranged—all chaste. He allowed not his feelings to obtain the ascendancy of his judgment.

I would like, Mr. Editor, to speak of Summerfield in another light, in which his amiable character deserves the highest encomiums—as a friend. There was in his friendship a disinterestedness, a loftiness, a purity, which rendered it truly valuable. But I dare not. He sleeps—sleeps sweetly in his coffin shroud. His works of love, his ardent toils, his abundant labors, are now before the throne; and when the clangor of the judgment trump shall awake the sleeping dead, may we, with him, each have it said, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant!”

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

BY J. W. ROBERTS.

FAIR reader, it is seldom we have met and conversed together; and, now that I take my pen to address you, I feel all the inconveniences of being a stranger. I know not but I may be an unwelcome, as I am an unbidden, guest. Perhaps my presence (intrusion, if you please to call it such) will cause a shadow, instead of a smile, to pass over your face. Be this as it may, wishing to make your acquaintance, I commend myself and productions to your good graces, and ask your indulgence, while perusing the few sketches from life that may fall under your notice from the pen of your humble servant. Confident that you will extend to me that charity which “hopeth all things,” and “thinketh no evil,” I now offer you one of my imperfect sketches.

THE VISITOR.

I was sitting in my room, one afternoon, fatigued by the labors of the day, having been, for many hours, engaged in severe and continued mental toil, which had greatly exhausted my strength, and prostrated my energies; and, altogether, I was unfit to finish the work before me—the self-imposed task for the day. Perceiving, as no doubt, when similarly circumstanced, my readers have often done, the impossibility of making any considerable progress in what I had to do, while, from over taxation, in that particular way, the mind refused to put forth the necessary efforts, I placed myself in as comfortable a position as possible, and concluded to make a “virtue of necessity,” and take a little repose. I soon found that weary nature sought rest from her labors, and that I was in near “companionship with

Morpheus.” After a pretty considerable attempt at resistance, I gave over the struggle, and was soon in a half-waking sleep—just that *between* state, where the fancies thicken into dreams, and shapeless visions and grotesque forms crowd on the imagination. As consciousness was about giving way, the “visitor” was announced. Half out of humor at being interrupted at such a time, I received the call with as much grace and good-will as I could command, and gave a welcome and kind greeting to my friend; for these visits are not unfrequent, and I never fail to receive benefit and instruction from them. At first, on this occasion, I did not give that attention to the discourse its merits deserved—hardly more than enough not to seem rude; but a bold remark engaged my attention. I was aroused, interested, and became all attention from that moment. Every symptom of *ennui* disappeared like the swift passing away of a shadow; and I became all absorbed in the gifted and edifying converse.

My companion’s ideas were clothed in the most elegant language, yet simple and plain. At times, however, carried off with the subject, we were transported into the regions of majesty and grandeur; and then every word was a prototype of sublimity. No attempt at display was made—no ostentation marked the even flow of eloquence; and inimitable beauty wove its garland around the composition.

The visitor gave evidence of having taken deep draughts at every accessible fountain of knowledge, and of having drank at every stream of intelligence. The wonders of heaven, so far as revealed by the researches of astronomy, were as familiar things. Our system’s measurements, from its sunny centre to the farthest off planet, were well known. The numberless worlds that glitter in the far-out blue depths of space, where naked “eye hath not seen,” were spoken of in the calm dignity of philosophy, the bold eloquence of the orator, and the refined numbers of the poet; but everywhere with that elevation of thought which a survey of the mighty universe, in all its magnitude, is calculated to inspire.

Turning from these, I was led through the mazes of the past. The dim ages of by-gone time passed in review before me. I beheld the rise and fall of empires, and held converse with the wise men of old. Egypt, where civilization first dawned, I beheld as in a mirror darkly; for clouds and mists were gathered over the scene. The sun of science had arisen, but the fogs of ignorance and superstition shut out the light, and the people were bowing down to images, to beasts, and to reptiles, worshipping them as gods; and, though vast temples were in the borders of this land, adorned with costly decorations, none were dedicated to the living God. Unworthy of the position she occupied, the palm fell from her hand, and was caught up by Greece; and this people and country came up encircled in a halo of brightness,

shedding lustre on mankind, and radiating light over the world. Here language, from its rude and barbarous state, grew up into refinement and beauty. The orator poured forth the smooth tide of eloquence, holding the vast multitude in breathless silence, or leading them at his will. The poet stood there, having on his brow the crown of immortality, and around his temples the wreath of fame. The painter took his brush, and beneath his magic touch the white canvas glowed with life and beauty. The laureled sculptor "moved upon" the solid marble with his chisel, and it came forth, in form and shape, a perfect image of the human form, so like the living, that it seemed to lack but breath to give it life. But, amid all the light of Greece, superstition, like a pestilential scourge, held dominion, and the people bowed to dumb idols of their own making. Corruption found way into her literature, virtue was lost sight of, dissipation ensued, weakness followed, and Greece fell. Rome, the mighty, despoiled her of her glory, swallowed up her literature, took away her decorations, and made her a province. But Rome was destined to the same fate. She became great, extended her dominion almost over the known world, and, having conquered many nations, was at length conquered in turn; not by an enlightened people, but by the wild inhabitants of a wild region, who buried her literature in the dust, and blotted out her treasures of knowledge. Then followed the "dark ages." For a long time "darkness covered the nations, and gross darkness the people." But light again dawned. Italy shook herself from the fetters of night, and awoke to meet the day that was dawning on a benighted world. Light began to radiate over Europe. Spain overshadowed Italy, and France eclipsed the glory of Spain; and now Germany has taken the crown from France. England is about to supersede Germany. But another people are ready to carry off the palm from England almost as soon as she waves it in proud triumph.

I heard my friend talk thus; and, though familiar with much that was said as I was with my school books, yet the new light, and the connection given to every thing, gave fresh interest to the subject; and the refined manner and eloquence of address clothed the whole with a charm that fastened on the mind with irresistible powers of fascination.

We now lunched out into a field I had never so particularly surveyed. Before me arose a new race of men, composed of the best blood of all the best races that had preceded them, from the days of Noah down to the present time. I saw them collecting together in a new world, planting a new nation on the firm basis of equal rights and the immovable principles of liberty, founded on the rock of eternal truth, with the Bible of Jehovah for their text-book, their charter, and guide. Rapid was their progress. The unbroken wilderness, with its wild inhabitants, disappeared before them. Strengthening, expanding,

increasing, they marched onward and upward to the "shining hill of fame," on whose topmost heights they were to pause, bearing the triumphant tokens of superiority, and waving the palm of supremacy over all others in every department of science, and literature, and art. Before them opened the glorious pathway of progression, and their destiny was to walk in it.

With this new race, in the list of the obscure and unknown, I found my own name recorded. Hurried on with the vast multitude, too busily engaged in worldly pursuits and the accumulation of wealth, to regard their high standing, as a people, I was urging my passage up the bright way that led us onward to the temple of beauty, visible in the distant perspective, whither we were hastening.

In my active fancy, as the sublime truth came home to me, from the eloquent lips of my companion, I seemed to *feel* the motion of the revolving cycle that bore me onward in the flight of time to the high destiny of my race. A little effort of the imagination, and I stood on the dazzling height before me. Around me, but in the rear, stood those who had preceded us. Their garlands were fresh as ever; not a flower was withered—not a leaf was sere. *They had not gone back, but we had moved ONWARD.* The smoke of error was fast disappearing from the world. The dark shadows of superstition were being illuminated by the sunlight of revelation. False systems and false doctrines were scattered to the winds by the irresistible power of truth. The rainbow of peace was extending its bright circle round our entire globe, and men called each other by the fraternal name of brother. Such was my vision.

But turning again to my companion, now holding the lyre, I was delighted with "concord of sweet sounds." Every touch of the instrument brought forth harmony. Sometimes a masterly effort roused the energies of the soul, and stirred up the latent music within. At other times, as the experienced fingers "swept the cords," the thrilling strains bore off thought's current on the fleet wings of fancy. Then, again, the soft, plaintive notes touched the deeper feelings of the heart, and moved the sympathetic tear. And then a mournful strain, the breathing forth of some sad soul, bereft of friends, and left to weep, perchance would cause a sigh, perchance a prayer, to rise in their behalf. In all I felt the inspired sentiments of true poetry, and the presence of the Muses. Each burning line was traced by the hand of genius; and the bold thoughts and bright imagery frequently towered up into the realms of true sublimity, beyond the utmost reach, the highest flight of common mind.

But, laying down the lyre, we again moved in the world. The progress of mankind, as revealed in the pages of history, was pointed out. Their advancement to a higher and yet higher state of perfection was made manifest. The Bible was shown to be the

great corner-stone of civilization—the great source of light to a benighted world. The attempts of would-be wise men to overthrow this “strong-hold” of science, and bulwark of Christianity, were considered, and the fallacy of such a course made plain. On the divine origin of the Scriptures the visitor was eloquent, indeed. Truly convincing and powerful were the reasons adduced on this point. I listened with reverential awe when Sinai was painted before me, clothed, in the majesty of its solitude, with the clouds of heaven, in which the great Eternal, hid from the multitude, appeared to his servant Moses, and, amid lightnings, and thunderings, and a mighty trembling of the solid earth, gave him the tables of stone, on which the law was written by his own finger. No, when the Israelitish host, struck with terror, cries out, “Let not God talk with us,” it was no work of a diseased fancy—it was not the wild imaginings of a monomaniac—it was no conjurer’s trick, that caused them to “fear and tremble.” So, when the Savior expired on the cross, and the sun was clothed in darkness, the earth rocked with earthquakes, and the temple’s vail rent in twain, the centurion spoke but the truth, when he said, “Truly this man was the Son of God.” Thus discoursed my friend.

But I have wandered. Instead of giving the conversation of the one time, I have given that of many. Often has my heart been cheered, and my mind refreshed, by the visits of this friend. Often have my feelings been raised into intellectual ecstasy. Often has my soul been carried away with the elevated tone of thought, that rose and expanded in the dignity of true excellence, beautifying and adorning the subject under contemplation. Often have I been made better by the piety and goodness that were breathed forth. And I have taken many sweet draughts of knowledge at the same fountain.

Gentle reader, would you like to know who this friend is, that I so much prize? You may all enjoy the benefits of an acquaintance; and, when once familiar, I am very sure no slight cause will induce you to forego the pleasure of such society. And you need not do this. It is in *your power* to continue friendly relations. This friend will never forsake you unless treated with indifference, or something worse. At every fresh meeting your attachment will increase; and you will hail the next appearance with increased delight. This ever-welcome visitor is the *Ladies’ Repository*.

FLATTERY.

THE flatterer is a deceiver. He seeks our ruin rather than our good. Hence the remark of Montaigne, “I visit the company of those who find fault with me more than those who flatter me; for though the former may insinuate that I am a fool, the latter, if I take not heed, will make me one.”

SCENE IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

THE setting sun’s deep crimson glow
Of beauty threw its radiant tinge
O’er all the forest. Calm and slow
It sank, until it seemed to fringe
The horizon. Brightly, but still,
The silver stars came out, the bird
His evening song began to trill,
And Nature, through the day unheard,
Now bid her softest music swell
O’er grove and mountain, plain and dell.
Alone, in modest beauty, stood
The mission house. The tall, thick wood,
That grew so closely round,
Extended far on either hand,
And o’er its desert, pathless land,
Was often heard the sound
Of Indian warhoop, loud and shrill,
Wild echoing from hill to hill.
But on that tranquil eve
There rose no fears to hush;
Day’s monarch seemed to leave,
In that bright, farewell blush,
Good promise that the coming morn
Would tranquilly upon them dawn.
The song of heartfelt praise
Ascended up to heaven,
The fervent prayer was said,
The peaceful answer given;
With hearts refreshed and truly blest,
The missionaries sought for rest.
The morning came; but where, O where
Was that sweet forest home?
Beneath its smoking ashes lay
The missionaries’ tomb.
At midnight, with his noiseless tread,
The wily savage came;
The martyrs’ fate may still be read—
’Tis written there in flame.
Comes there upon the blast
The wail of mourning friends?
Peace! for they rest, at last,
In bliss that never ends.
And has not God approved
The cause of missions? Well
They served the Lord they loved,
And in his service fell.
Then mourn not, friends: the spirit free,
Safe in the bosom of its God,
Is blest with immortality;
And though beneath the crumbling sod,
The ashes of the martyrs rest,
Their spirits are among the blest.

“QUID non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames?”—VIRGIL.

THE WOODS.

BY ISAAC JULIAN.

THE woods, the dark, wide-waving woods,
 How beautiful they stand,
 Spreading their leafy canopy
 Out o'er this happy land!
 They blossom forth in ev'ry vale;
 They tower on ev'ry hill;
 They cling to ev'ry precipice;
 They shadow ev'ry rill;
 They are scatter'd wide through ev'ry zone:
 The palm, the mountain pine,
 Give beauty to the icy pole,
 Or shade the burning line.

Tell me not of your cities,
 With their domes and mansions fair—
 With their gilded spires and minarets,
 Rising through lower air;
 They are but scenes of human pomp—
 Of human pow'r and pride:
 The child of nature lothes their sight,
 Who has ranged the forest wide.
 Peace flies their noisy portals,
 And virtue turns away,
 To seek content and happiness
 Amid the forest gay.

Tell me not of your prairies,
 With their seas of verdure bright;
 Though outspread in boundless beauty,
 They are wearying to the sight;
 They 'mind one of Sarmatian wastes,
 Where men are born to chains—
 Where vice and misery endure.
 Talk not to me of plains!
 The mountain goddess, *Liberty*,
 Hath cross'd the ocean's foam,
 And in *Columbia's forests*
 Hath made her final home.

The woods, the wild, the pathless woods,
 In ev'ry varying clime,
 In ev'ry varying season's change,
 They are lovely and sublime.
 O, glorious are their leafy bowers
 In the dews of early spring,
 When streamlet's gush and wild-bird's note
 Make the lone echoes ring!
 And ever dear the checker'd shade,
 In fervid summer's heat,
 Where nature's own wild denizens
 Find refuge and retreat.

And when the autumn's yellow boughs
 Are swaying with the air,
 'Tis sweet to tread the rustling leaves,
 In sunset's ruddy glare;
 And when the leafless limbs are toss'd

Against the wintry sky,
 It is a solemn thing to see
 Their naked majesty.
 Ye ancient, towering forest trees,
 Dear old familiar friends,
 How sweet the charm, in mem'ry's hour,
 Your lovely presence lends!

The wide, "the unpruned forest,"
 First met my youthful eye;
 I ranged its devious solitudes
 In joyous infancy.
 Yon spreading, glossy-leaved old beech,
 Is dearer far to me,
 Than aught that bears a human heart,
 I ever hope to see;
 For underneath its grateful shade
 My bliss of life began,
 And there would I be laid to sleep,
 When vanishes life's span.

The woods, the tall, dark, hoary woods!
 Long ages have pass'd by;
 Yet over things of man's device
 They've triumph'd gloriously:
 They saw the red man's empire fade
 From out their broad domain;
 Nations and thrones have turn'd to dust;
 Yet the dark woods remain:
 They are all beautiful and bright—
 All glorious and grand—
 The living witnesses of Heav'n—
 Planted by God's own hand.

SONG.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

THOU, of ambitious heart,
 Throned from content apart,
 While with thy sweetest draught bitter drops blend,
 Mine be the lowly cot,
 Which the world envies not,
 And for my minister, one gentle friend.

Far from the scorn of pride,
 Calmly our lives would glide,
 Till they were lost in eternity's sea;
 Thine be the regal state,
 Lofty and desolate:
 Leave but the friend and the cabin for me.

I would have orchards there,
 Fountains, and blossoms fair,
 Flocks in the pastures, and vines by the door;
 And thou may'st have the name
 Linked with undying fame:
 This be my portion—I ask for no more!

THE MAN AND SOCIETY.

BY JOHN FEGG, JR.

THE mind of man and society are strongly allied. To reveal precisely how far society unfolds and gives direction to individual mind, and to calculate all the impressions an individual makes upon his age, is beyond our limited ability. So inaudible to the external world are the voices that speak to the spirit, so invisible are the motives and impulses that move it, and, often, so unsearchable is the course in which thought communicates its power, and accomplishes its purposes, that it is vain for us to hope for a perfect disclosure of this subject. Still, there are some bright gleamings amid the gloom, some striking manifestations, that proclaim aloud the spirit's lofty mission.

We believe society is essential to the perfect development of man. We know not how a person, living in solitude, remote from all communion with kindred spirits, could attain to an elevation equal to that which the social system is designed to give him. In such an isolated being, some of the high faculties of his nature must remain inactive, or but partially called out. True, he might become acquainted with the Author of his being, and with his pure attributes. Bright, unseen spirits, might minister to him in holy converse from the abode of supreme Intelligence. Still, he would not accomplish the design of human fellowship, which design is, by our trials and conflicts, arising from our connection with an imperfect social system, to discipline every element of our nature that is to act in the nobler labors of the temple of God.

Yet the early periods of national existence bring ample confirmation of the truth, that, before social supremacy directed individual mind, there have been some of the highest demonstrations of the soul's original power. Homer arose at the twilight of civilization, in the morning of society, long before the day of beauty and glory dawned upon the city of Minerva. The faint stars of barbarian night were lingering around him, when, starting up under the control of no power, save the lofty inspiration of nature, and his own magnificent promptings, he uttered his rhapsodies. And in the highest advancement of the future the genius of song will ever love to return back to consult his oracles.

Thus Michael Angelo, with no strong lights and shades falling on his canvas from the past, originated the glories of Italian coloring. It was from its Arab home, its mountain dwelling, that we first received the high element of personal independence; the barbarian bequeathed this inheritance to our social institutions.

Often the soul has resisted every effort of society to change its course. In "proud precipitance" it has proceeded onward in the execution of some

original design, in the fulfillment of some cherished purpose. Petrarch exhibits the firm defiance of nature against the invasion of society. With a constitution of the most delicate sensibilities, he was made to adore the soft attributes of female grace. This veneration was too mighty to be disturbed by any enchantment. Here worshiped the father of modern literature, unmoved amid the honors of state, and the glory of a poet's coronation. And while Rome was encircling his brow with the blooming coronal, the royal minstrel bowed in more devoted loyalty before the enthroned beauty of woman.

"And he, the crowned of Rome, gifted and great,
Stood in his glory, lone and desolate."

Frequently, society has made some severe variation in native genius, without leading captive the whole man. It has destroyed some features of peculiar promise, without crushing all the high endowments of nature. It has operated upon the soul till it has effected a partial transformation, yet leaving some of its primitive beauty and strength. Glowing and beautiful was the mind of the youthful Pascal, as, alone in his chamber, he exulted amid his revelations in geometry. For a time he mingled with society, delighting it by the brilliancy of his wit and his conquests in thought. Yet, while in the strength of manhood, the path of the age conducted him into the seclusion of the cloister, and saddened the joy of his existence, till he exclaimed, "I can approve only of those who seek in tears for happiness." Still, his melancholy, amid the lingering and impressible manifestations of a yet splendid soul, was like a cloud obstructing the glories of sunlight. While the spirit of the age has done much to lead to sublime theories and practical results—while the social compact has called forth the most splendid triumphs of mind, it has crushed the most lofty spirits. Either by shameful neglect or by deadly fascinations, it has rendered desolate the purest and sweetest dispositions that have ever visited our earth. The youthful Burns, while he dwelt in his woodland home, remote from the prevailing tendencies of society, felt naught but the pure joy of his being, and holy communion with the scenery of his native hills. And then

"He walked in glory and in joy,
Following the plough upon the mountain's side."

But soon he forsakes his rustic dwelling, and goes beneath the fatal dominion of public life. Then the serene beauty of his former days faded away. He commenced his song to breathe a plaintive strain. And we behold him, with a broken spirit, wandering to the tomb, tuning his mournful lyre to the "melody of death."

But society has not maintained an unbroken dominion. Here and there some master intellect has appeared. He speaks! The work of ages trembles—down fall the institutions of the past, and above the desolation and fragments of ancient power waves the banner of truth and progress. Great revolutions

and transitions have been started, and also accomplished, by some solitary arm. Years ago, in one of the lone monasteries of Saxony, you might have found an individual, pondering over the pages of the Bible. He leaves his seclusion for the halls of science. There he delights an admiring audience with his lectures on philosophy. At length the deluded and degraded state of society comes to his consideration. With all the energy of his mighty intellect, he undertakes a reform. The desperate conflict is at length ended. The genius of the Reformation has conquered! Martin Luther has subdued the hierarchy of Rome!

Thus some single individual has controlled society, and society again has directed the man. What, then, is man's true relation to his age? To whose control should he submit? To secure a correct response to these questions, man must bid the promptings of depraved humanity and unholy ambition to cease, and listen to the oracles of heaven. There alone is unfolded the high design of existence—the grand mission of life; there alone we find the true relation of the mutable to the eternal; there alone the problem of human destiny is solved. And the voice of ages is now commencing to convince worldly philosophy, that it can never explain the mystery of our existence without the aid of Christianity.

HUMILITY.

Be humble. The ways of the proud are not the ways of God. The proud stumble at every step. They are ever learning, and never arriving at a knowledge of the truth. They seek for peace, and find none. They expect light, and receive darkness.

Would you, then, be saved from the doubts, the labors, and the perturbed spirit of the sensual and the proud, learn this first lesson in the school of Christ—sit lowly at his feet. Be less than the least, so you but win his smile. Then will Jesus guide your footsteps aright, and bring you to his glory.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
The most, when most his soul ascends:
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

AMERICAN POETRY.

A STRIKING characteristic of American poetry is its purity of moral sentiment. This is something which cannot be said in behalf of European poetry generally. True, Milton, Cowper, Young, Montgomery, and some others, have written very commendable devotional verse; yet, from the days of Shakspeare and Pope down to Shelley and Moore, we see a preponderance of profaneness and vulgarity. In this respect, then, it is more than possible that we have the advantage of our mother land.

A VISIT TO THE ESCULAPIAN SPRINGS.

BY REV. MAXWELL P. GADDIS.

On the second day of July last, in company with the Rev. William P. Strickland, I left the Queen City of the west, for the purpose of attending a temperance celebration at Ripley, Brown county, Ohio. We arrived there in good time, and on the day following enjoyed the pleasure of participating in the interesting exercises of the anniversary, which, we believe, passed off to the entire satisfaction of the thousands who were in attendance. Feeling somewhat indisposed, and a considerable degree of debility, from the protracted labors of the past winter and spring, I felt a strong desire to visit the Springs in Kentucky. We remained at Ripley until the "Sabbath was past," and then embarked on the first packet for the city of Maysville.

On our arrival there, I found a hearty reception and comfortable lodgment at the house of brother John Armstrong. At this quiet and pleasant "home of the itinerant," I met with our young friend and brother, the Rev. William F. Stewart, a member of our own conference, who was traveling on what is now called the Augusta circuit. I was indebted to his kindness for reaching the place of my destination at a much earlier period than I otherwise should have done.

The next morning after my arrival, he went out in the city, and borrowed a buggy from a good brother belonging to the Maysville station, and after dinner harnessed up his own "*well-trained*" animal, and conveyed me over the rugged hills in safety more than half the distance before sundown. We tarried for the night with a brother Pinkard, and early the next morning set out on our journey. We succeeded in crossing the high mountain without much difficulty, and arrived at the Springs by twelve o'clock. Here I had to part with my guide and agreeable companion, the *sweet-spirited Fletcher*, who was compelled to return home, in order to meet an engagement on a distant part of the circuit. May Heaven's best blessings ever attend him!

The Esculapian Springs are situated in a cove on the eastern side of the first range of mountains, in the southwestern part of Lewis county, Kentucky. The tract of land embracing them contains two hundred and fifty acres, the greater portion of which is not susceptible of cultivation. These Springs were first discovered by the western pioneers, at an early period in the settlement of Kentucky. When this western country was in a wilderness state, and the population sparse, the lords of the forest, the buffalo and deer, were the only regular annual visitors at the place now called Esculapia. But, after the cessation of Indian hostilities, they were resorted to occasionally by the hunters of Kentucky, who frequently encamped in the mountains, contiguous

to the Springs, for the purpose of securing the best game.

We were informed by an *old settler*, in the neighborhood, that the first rude cabin erected at the Springs, was the work of an Englishman, whose name was not remembered. He removed to this place for the purpose of regaining his health, which was fast declining. But, having previously destroyed his constitution, by the too free use of the "*ardent*," in despite of the healing virtues of Esculapia, he was unexpectedly hurried to his final account. He was buried in a deep recess of the mountain; and the last, quiet resting-place of the first tenant of the Sulphur Springs is unknown to this day.

Twenty-five years ago, a Mr. John C. Powland purchased the land, and removed to the Springs, and erected several small cabins, for the accommodation of visitors. But, for the want of more room, they had but few guests, except those who felt themselves able to endure the fatigue of crossing the rugged mountain foot-path, and encamping in the woods. Since that period, it has frequently changed owners; and many new and comfortable buildings and rural cottages have been erected, contiguous to the principal spring.

The present enterprising proprietor, Mr. Gould, is constantly engaged in making still more extended preparations, and has displayed much good taste in laying out the grounds, and beautifying them with ornamental shrubbery. Nature and art combined will soon render it a most delightful summer retreat. The waters are becoming much celebrated for their healthful properties and invigorating qualities. I deem it no more than justice to say, that the Chalybeate is not only the best, but the most copious stream of the kind of which I have ever drank. The scenery is wild and romantic, the stately chestnut, and tall, giant oak, covering the mountain summit. But, as I never could wield a graphic pen, and being well aware of the fact, that such descriptions, in order to gratify and amuse, must partake more of the *ideal* than the *real*, I will not now attempt to entertain my readers by giving

"To airy nothing

A local habitation and a name."

I have at present a higher aim, a holier purpose, a more noble object in view, in writing this communication. It is simply to invite the attention of my fair readers to the benignant influence of our holy Christianity, as exemplified in the brief history of Mrs. MARGARET ROWSE, and confirmative of the declaration of our Lord, "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

Soon after my arrival at the Springs, I was informed by Mrs. K. that a lady, occupying one of the western cottages, was very ill with consumption, and must soon die. She also informed me, that she was a former acquaintance of mine, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and desired to see

me as soon as I had leisure. After dinner, I embraced the opportunity of visiting her cottage. I have no language adequately to portray the deep emotions I felt when ushered into her presence. She was so changed by affliction and long confinement to a couch of pain, that, at first glance, I could scarcely discover one lineament left of the expressive features of the once lovely and much loved Margaret Silver, of North Bend.

When I met her last, the flush of health was upon her cheek, and the light of hope in her eye. But now how changed! pale, sunken, and emaciated, with nothing left to remind us of her former self, but the cheerful smile, affectionate look, and lustrous eye, which now seemed to glow with unearthly brightness. When I was seated, she spoke to me with deep emotion in the following manner: "Brother Gaddis, it is a long time since we last met. Several years have gone by; but O how glad I am to meet you here! Little, indeed, did I expect to see a minister before my death. Surely God has guided your footsteps to this pleasant retreat. Although I am perfectly happy, I have felt, for some time past, that it would be a great privilege to enjoy the conversation, and have the prayers of a Christian minister."

Having expressed my entire willingness not only to sympathize, but to pray with and for her, and to converse of a Savior's dying love, we fixed upon a suitable hour in the afternoon for such religious services as she desired; and then I took my departure. Before I describe our next interview, I will furnish the reader with the following brief history:

Miss Margaret Silver was born at North Bend, Ohio, in the year 1818, and, in 1845, was united in marriage to Mr. John B. Rowse, lithographer, of the city of Cincinnati; and was now the mother of a beautiful daughter, called Mary P., aged ten months. Since the time of her marriage to Mr. R., she had been a resident of the Queen City. Late last fall she took a violent cold, which settled on her lungs, inducing a troublesome cough, though not at first alarming. But early in the winter her disease assumed a chronic form, which baffled the best medical skill. She was confined mostly to her bed and room until spring. Her sufferings were very great; but she bore them all with uncomplaining patience.

Early in the spring, as soon as the weather became sufficiently warm, she was persuaded, by her physician and friends, to visit the Springs in Kentucky, hoping that a change of air would prove beneficial in restoring her health. She was accompanied, on this journey, by her widowed mother, and kind, affectionate husband, the former of whom remained with her during all the time of her last illness—the latter being obliged to return to the city, to attend to his business. They arrived at the Springs, May 27th, and Mrs. Rowse died, July 14, 1847.

Having furnished the reader with this short narrative, I will now proceed to relate the substance of our second interview. Five o'clock was the hour fixed upon; and, at the appointed time, with my Bible in my hand, I again entered the cottage of sister R., and was gratified to learn that her husband had just returned from the city. He received us courteously, and requested me to proceed with such religious exercises as she desired. I then read a portion of the holy Scriptures, and, after making a few brief comments upon the same, we united in prayer. O, that was an hour of sweet communion, never to be forgotten! "The Spirit itself helped our infirmities, and made intercession for us with groanings that could not be uttered." Our fellowship was with the skies, and we all felt that "we had a high Priest who could be touched with a feeling of our infirmities," and that he was able to "save unto the uttermost." When we arose from our knees, we commenced singing, as well as we could,

"Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more,
This anxious breast ensnare.
Courage, my soul, on God rely,
Deliv'rance soon will come,
A thousand ways has Providence,
To bring believers home."

As we continued to sing, the happiness of sister Rowse appeared to be insupportable; but divine strength was soon joined to her weakness, and she commenced clapping her hands, and shouting aloud for joy. Her countenance beamed with angelic sweetness, as she continued for a long time to speak of the love of Jesus to her soul. Her triumphant shouts of victory attracted quite a number of the visitors to the door of her cottage. On seeing her husband deeply affected, she beckoned him to her bedside, and threw her right arm around his neck, and imprinted upon his cheek the expressive token of her *changeless love*. She then said, "O, my dear husband, weep not for me, I am going home. O happy day! O sweet Jesus! What a precious Savior! O what a happy day is this! sweetest and happiest of all my life. O, my dear husband, do not grieve for me. I am going home. Our separation will be short. I know you will prepare to meet me in heaven. O, I have missed you very much during your absence; but then Jesus was with me all the time. 'His presence makes my paradise.' He has upheld me by his right hand, and blest me wonderfully." She then shouted aloud for joy, repeating the words, "O, happy day! O, happy day!"

To her weeping mother, who was seated at the head of her bed, she said, "O, my dearest mother, weep not for me when I am gone. Tell all for me that *I am going home*, and to prepare to meet me in heaven." On seeing her sweet babe in the arms of its nurse, she said, "God bless my child! O, brother Gaddis, pray for my dear child, that it may

be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and meet me in heaven." Mr. Gould, the proprietor of the Springs, coming in at this moment, she exclaimed aloud, "Mr. Gould, happy day! happy day! O, Mr. Gould, live for God. Religion is the only thing in the world worth living or dying for. O, Mr. Gould, you have been very kind to me since I came here, and now we must soon part; but *live for God*, and we shall soon meet again. O, just think how kind the Savior has been to me since my affliction—how he has comforted and supported me since I have been here. O, happy day!" She continued in this ecstatic frame of mind for a long time, and praised the Lord until all her physical strength was exhausted, and then sunk into a quiet slumber, with her hands folded upon her breast.

The next morning I found her still alive, and in the possession of the same rapturous state of mind—blest with that "perfect love which casteth out all fear." Hers was a complete triumph over the powers of darkness. She talked of death, and the cold grave, and parting from her kind friends, with as much composure as if preparing for a pleasant journey. I learned again and again from her own lips, fast closing in death, that she had no fears, no doubts, or gloom, but a firm hold on Him who is "mighty to save, and strong to deliver," that bore her up in the swellings of Jordan. Never shall I forget the moments of spiritual communion with a spirit thus matured for glory. As she expressed her ardent desire for the salvation of her unconverted relatives, her own will seemed lost in the will of her heavenly Father. O how

"True and fervent are the prayers that breathe
Forth from a lip that fades with coming death."

The morning of my departure, and a short time before her exit, I called in to bid her adieu. When I spoke of my departure, she requested me to pray once more. After prayer her cup of joy seemed full, and she commenced talking in "*strains as sweet as angels use*," of the love of her Lord in the redemption of the world. "O, how many days and nights of suffering I have had in this lovely cottage! but then they were days of rejoicing, too; for the Savior was with me all the time. O, what a sweet and happy place is this!" I then took her hand in mine, when she looked up and said, "O, happy day! I feel that I am constantly borne up on the pinions of angels. God bless you, brother Gaddis. Farewell! we shall soon meet again." Before bidding her a last farewell on earth, I said, "Sister Rowse, what shall I say to your old friends and former acquaintances, when I return to Cincinnati?" She smiled, and promptly replied, "TELL THEM I AM ALMOST HOME, AND PREPARED TO GO!"

An ancient philosopher said, "The pure soul leaves the body as the lightning flits from the cloud, shining brightest at the time of its *departure*." It was so with our beloved sister R.; for in this happy

state of mind she continued; and as "life's twilight" gently closed around her,

"The unrobing spirit cast
Diviner glories to the last."

By her own request, her remains repose, for the present, in a beautiful grove on the southeast side of the mountain, opposite the White Sulphur Spring. Immediately after her burial, her bereaved husband returned to Cincinnati, and the widowed mother to her residence at North Bend, the latter taking with her little Mary, the beloved and only child of her deceased Margaret. It was now all that was left below around which the affections of her sorrow-stricken heart desired to cling. In this sweet and interesting child she could trace the image of its departed mother; and most fondly did she cherish the hope that its life might be spared, to beguile the gloom, and dissipate the accumulating sorrows of her soul. But, alas! she was doomed to an early disappointment—her fondest hopes were suddenly blasted; for in less than one short month the Savior called Mary to a happy reunion with her mother in the skies.

"Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there."

Her remains were interred in the family burying-ground at North Bend, to which beautiful place the remains of Mrs. Rowse will be removed the coming winter.

"They were lovely in their lives, and in death
They were not divided."

Fancy, gentle reader, the ecstatic bliss of that sainted mother on such an unexpected meeting with her beloved child in the mansions above. Surely, methinks she exclaimed, as she repeatedly expressed herself before the spirit was freed from the body, "O, happy day! O, happy day! O, what a sweet and happy day is this!"

But fancy itself utterly fails to paint her rich inheritance at the "resurrection of the just," when

"The sainted mother wakes, and in her lap
Clasps her dear babe, the partner of her grave,
And heritor of heaven—a flower
Washed by the blood of Jesus from the stain
Of native guilt, e'en in its early bud."

Fair reader, my task is done, and the mournful, though pleasing story is ended. But as often as memory shall awaken the reminiscences of the past, I shall dwell with mingled emotions upon the scenes of sadness and pleasure of my last visit to Esculapia.

I know not what effect this narrative will produce on the mind of the gay and thoughtless reader; but may I not hope that it may be the means of leading some one "to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness?"

"May you die among your kindred!"
was the affectionate farewell among the ancients; but

let me here say to the reader, if you seek the Savior and find him, whether you die among your friends, or in a land of strangers, your last hours will be cheered by the glorious hope of the Gospel of peace; and although you may be unknown to the *many*, and may soon be forgotten by the *few*, when your name shall be stricken from the roll of the living on earth, that name shall remain indelibly inscribed on the imperishable records of immortality, and you shall live in God's remembrance and favor for ever. O, think of the fleeting nature of earth-born happiness, and learn "to set your affections on things above." True happiness is not found below the skies:

"The toil is fruitless if you seek it here."

Turn, then, to the "living waters," and drink and thirst no more. Remember, "we all do fade as the leaf," and very soon our friends may fall around us like the leaves of the forest, and leave us to mourn their early doom.

Whenever memory shall awaken in your bosom the recollections of the past, and you shall think of the sweet little Mary, and the crushed hopes of her fond and doting grand-parent, may you then feel the force of the sentiments so inimitably expressed by the poet:

"Fair was the flower, and soft the vernal sky;
Elate with hope, we deemed no tempest nigh,
When, lo! a whirlwind's instantaneous gust
Left all its beauties withering in the dust."

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

It was the opinion of Pythagoras, that the planets, by their harmonious movements, and regular distances from each other, produced a music, which he called the music of the spheres. Maximus Tyrius speaks of this melody as being too transcendent for the frailty of man, and adds that it has an excellence which only ethereal beings can appreciate. But Shakspeare, after all, is the only man, who has properly expressed this beautiful conception:

"Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica; look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubim.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

The ancients pretend to say that the idea of this music originated with Orpheus, and that he was the only mortal who was ever permitted to hear it. Whether this be so or not, matters little; the idea is a beautiful one, and will continue to live and be admired, so long as thought and language exist among men. Modern astronomy, in fact, seems to have demonstrated something very much like it, in the distances and periods of the planets.

TYPE;

OR, THE CONFLICT OF AGENCIES.

BY N. M. B.

"Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be."—ST. JAMES.

Do you think, Mr. Editor, that thoughts are ever really *new*? I do not mean *original*; for that is original, which, arising in our own minds, has never been met with as the expression of another, though the same idea may have been uttered or expressed a thousand times before. But do you suppose that thoughts ever pass through our minds, which have never employed the attention of others? Are we ever placed in circumstances, which, in the lapse of six thousand years, have never occurred to any of the myriads who have preceded, or are coeval with us? How impossible to answer these questions! Can I form the twenty-six letters of the alphabet in a combination, which, among the millions of printed volumes, has never been arranged before? and, if so, reasoning from this lesser wonder, may we not arrive at the conclusion as probable, that thought, in its varieties, may exist in each individual, identical to himself alone? How truly may the poet say,

"O, what a miracle to man is man!"

and what a constant exemplification he is of omnipotent power! If the varied features, figure, and countenance of each individual of the family of man plainly shows his identity; and if this, as we are frequently taught, shadows forth the power of God, how much more does this skillful avoidance of similar combinations of thought and circumstances proclaim the vastness, the infinity of the eternal Mind! How often, in my childhood days, have I endeavored to find two forest leaves, two blades of grass, two heads of clover exactly similar, and, as often as I tried, been obliged to yield in total discomfiture! There was always some variety in length or breadth, in coloring or veining, in pointing or scalloping, that prevented perfect resemblance; and as I never realized the object of my search in the vegetable or animal kingdoms, so in my mature years have I vainly sought it in the moral, the intellectual, or the spiritual world. But to return to the main subject of my thoughts, of which these reflections are really collateral, though they *do* diverge rather widely from the point. I had been thinking on the subject of agencies; and as I was about to pen my thoughts, the question of *originality* occurred to me, its probability or improbability, and so forth; and hence the preamble to my article.

I had, as I have just remarked, been thinking on the *conflict of agencies*, and marked how God created instrumentalities, and how Satan (who cannot create) could subvert them to his purposes; and then, in many instances, I had traced how sovereign Power

had baffled or overruled his designs. In many cases, I almost saw the conflict. I viewed the advancing armies—the plain, selected for some expected advantage of artillery movements, obliged to be abandoned because the surrounding hills, or adjacent thickets, afforded good aim, or sufficient shelter for the opposing archers. I marked the sudden seizure of some piece of ordnance, which, turned against its former employers, almost decided the fate of the battle; and saw that the constant superintendence of controlling *mind* was necessary to change and arrange in accordance with the repelling or invading force. You must not deem me fanciful, Mr. Editor; and if I tell you the connection in my own mind, you will see why I entitle my rather desultory remarks the "Conflict of Agencies."

I was reading my Bible, where James says, in speaking of the tongue, "Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be." I closed the sacred volume; and, as I pondered, very serious thoughts presented themselves to my mind. In their original and primary meaning, as intended by the apostle, the words refer to speech alone; but how powerfully, in their secondary sense, are they descriptive of *printed* language! As in the text, the effects produced are personified by the instrument employed, so, in its accommodated sense, we may, by a similar personification, read, "With *type* bless we God, even the Father; and with *type* curse we men," &c.; and, with the inspired penman, I say, "My *brethren*, these things ought not so to be." Then my memory recurred to some feelings I had experienced a few weeks before, though thought had not dwelt on them in the intervening time. I had just then been reading the life of one of the most spiritual females with whom biography has made us acquainted. Lately published, it comes to us with all the interest with which one of our most practiced and successful writers can invest it, and clothed in all the beauty of mechanical execution which the present age so richly exhibits. I had read it with delight—with profit—had hung over its pages day by day, examining myself as I proceeded, and wondering to see the successive stages of my own experience so fully developed in the initial exercises of another. I closed the volumes with feelings of deep gratitude—gratitude to God, the author of all good—gratitude to this glorious witness of his saving, his sanctifying grace—gratitude to the esteemed compiler of this "Life and Experience;" and in its overflow the feeling was extending to the printer, the publisher, nay, even to the inanimate lead, when it was suddenly checked: "Herewith bless we God, even the Father; and herewith curse we men." A pause ensued; and then I involuntarily exclaimed, "O, never, never may the type sanctified in the production of this

book, be desecrated to the service of Sue, or Sand, or Bulwer!" I cannot express what a feeling of relief I experienced, as I remembered that the work was stereotyped, and that the mute, though speaking expletives of thought, would not be employed in the formation of words to aid in the embellishment of crime, or adapted to the nomenclature of vice. Does not a sense of propriety, the moral fitness of things, demand that they who print religious books, should not print any thing adverse to the interests of religion? Does not a contrary course seem like destroying with one hand the edifice rearing with the other?

How has the glorious art of printing, that which is indeed one of the best gifts of God to man, been seized upon by the arch enemy of souls, subverted from its original design, and rendered subservient to the advancement of the worst of purposes! Intended by God to spread the knowledge of his revealed will to earth's remotest bounds, Satan, unable to stay this current of divine love from flowing from centre to circumference, is endeavoring, but too successfully, to send the poisoned streams of polluted literature side by side with the healthful flow of godly knowledge. Alas, how many drink the turbid waters, whose lips have never touched the refreshing draught! Printing *will* accomplish its original, its legitimate purpose; and woe, woe is pronounced upon those who are arrayed against Omnipotence. God creates an agency for the accomplishment of his wise and gracious designs: Satan subverts that agency to the injury of man, and what ensues? The arsenal of God's providence but provides a heavier artillery, and the battering-ram is destroyed, and succeeded by the lightning of Heaven's invention. We can trace this in instances too numerous for quotation; but a few will suffice for proof, and may illustrate the position.

God created man for the manifestation of his glory. Adam fell through Satan's malice; and ere the ruined archangel, in conclave with his fiend compeers, had raised one pæan of rejoicing over his accursed victory, the glorious plan of redemption, through Christ Jesus, had swelled the highest notes in the anthems of eternal praise.

Woman was first in the transgression; but ere the wily tempter had recovered from the surprise of his own success, and found time to taunt his victim with the triumph he had gained, it was announced, in tones heard in heaven, earth, and hell, that "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head." And often, in her after years of sorrow and fearfulness, may we suppose Adam to have addressed her in these words of one of the most gifted of her daughters:

"Rise, my beloved! if sin came by thee,
And by sin, death, the ransom, righteousness,
The heavenly life, and compensative rest,
Shall come by means of thee. If woe by thee
Had issue to the world, thou shalt go forth
An angel of the woe thou didst achieve;
Found acceptable to the world instead

Of others of that name, of whose bright steps
Thy deed stript bare the hills."

God planted the vine in Eden for the use and gratification of man; and if, as many think, the fruit of the vine was the "apple," by which our first parents transgressed, we see how the devil subverted the original intention, and wielded it as an instrument of destruction to mankind. But the curse was inflicted; and thenceforward, like the reptile whose form the tempter had assumed, the passive agent of evil was condemned to trail its "tortuous length," never again assume its erect position among the trees of the garden or the forest. Gnarled and knotted are its branches; yet does their bark produce the finest and the greatest quantity of that fluid,* which enstamps the curse and the remedy upon the fair pages that scatter far and wide the tidings of "life and immortality brought to light."

From the time of Noah until the present, the juice of the grape has been one of the most prolific sources, one of the most powerful instrumentalities of evil; whereupon, God, as if in direct defiance of the devil, has seized this agency of hell's formation; and, from the hour when

"The soldier's spear pierced our Redeemer's side," has made it the ever-speaking symbol of that shed blood by which transgression is forgiven—the still-enduring memento of that sacrificial death by which atonement was made, and the redeemed and the Redeemer exalted to a height of glory otherwise unknown.

Now, in looking round upon this world, this battle-field of mind, where, fighting under their respective captains, the myriads of mankind are arrayed against each other, it does appear to me that type, and ink, and paper—that writing, and printing, and publishing, are of paramount importance—the most momentous in their results—the most fearful in their consequences; and the man who, under the present meridian light, willfully writes, or prints, or publishes "one line which, dying, he would wish to blot," must possess a temerity of purpose, a fearlessness of consequences, or embrace a theory of expiation, of which I can scarce form an idea. The conflict is waging hotter and hotter; side by side with the Church of God towers the temple of boldly-proclaimed infidelity; "Bible Houses" and "Book-Rooms" rise before us, but in close neighborhood are establishments for the novelist, the dramatist, and the sensualist. We send the tract distributor and the colporteur; but the agents of vice have seized similar weapons, and often, we fear, are more successful in their use. The pages devoted to the dissemination of religious intelligence gladden the hearts of God's faithful; but the teeming presses of the

* In allusion to the *printer's ink*, prepared from the German or Frankfort black. This is procured from burnt vine twigs and wine lees, and is in highest reputation, as being more free from grittiness than the ivory black.

impious actually groan with the literature of hell, and seem to belch it forth to do its devastating work upon mankind. The trash too silly, though not too vicious, for the circulating libraries of Europe, is emptied *en masse* into Hindostan and Burmah, and the pitiable infidelities of China are transferred to us, and are now reprinted in the languages of the western world. Thus the wonderful agency of printing, without whose invention the Reformation by Luther might have remained as local as the English by Wicliffe, or the Bohemian by Huss, has been turned aside from its heavenward mission, and pressed into the service of the world and the devil.

That the cause of God will ultimately triumph, we are assured; but there is a veil between the present and the future, and we know not whether the victory is to be gained by the creation or development of a new and irresistible agency, or through redoubled exertion in the use of the present means.

"Our God unfolds, by slow degrees,
The purport of his deep decrees;
Sheds, hour by hour, a clearer light,
In aid of our defective sight;
But spreads at length before the soul
A beautiful and perfect whole."

In the absence of knowledge, it is the duty of Christians to rise in their united strength, and, in the exercise of their arduous task, to push the battle to the gates, looking confidently unto Him whose strength is omnipotent, and who is mighty to prevail.

I congratulate you, Mr. Editor, as a Christian brother, upon the success and extension of the "Repository." It may contain some thoughts of little consequence—more important ones may be but feebly expressed; and the efforts of the immature are yet to gather strength by frequent exercise; but mingled with these contributions are the offerings of the brightest and holiest of our Church; and its publication, under the present supervision, is a sufficient guaranty, that, when we introduce it into our families, it contains no line that will stab the cause of religion, or force a sigh from the heart of its votaries. I congratulate you, sir, that the voice of your brethren has placed you in this responsible vocation; it is in perfect unison with your sacred calling; and often shall my prayer arise, that this periodical may prove an agency of unmingled good.

THE GARDEN AND THE CROSS.

BY REV. W. F. FARRINGTON.

HARK! whence that sound of woe, that pressing call
For help? What captive groans in iron chains,
Or welters in his blood, by murderous hand
Let out? My eyes, my ears, my soul is fixed!
Such bitter woe was never told before.
Recovering fortitude, I mov'd along
With eager step, and saw—the "Son of God!"

I paus'd, and heard him cry, "My Father, must
I drink this cup—this bitter, bitter cup?
How can I bear this ponderous load, which wrings
From every opening pore great drops of blood?"
His Father said, "My Son, it must be drunk,
Or man can ne'er be sav'd." "Thy will be done,
Not mine," the great Philanthropist exclaims.
Celestial ministers from heaven come down
To give support, and raise his sinking head.
Meanwhile—but hark! the sound of feet I hear!
What mean those torches? Lo! his friends have come!
Ah, no! they are his foes: the *treacherous kiss*
Betrays the Son of God to wicked men.
Intent on all his Father's will, he yields
To be arraign'd, examined, tried for life!
O, what a court was that! how angels gaz'd,
Astonished, from the portals of the sky,
And marvel'd at the love he bore to man!
How patient, how resign'd he waits to hear
The "witness false" which dooms him to the cross!
At length the fatal hour of time arrives,
In which the Son of God expires for man.
In that important hour, how much of life
Was bought for man? Enough for each, for all
Who shall obey the heaven-created call,
"Come, heavy-laden sinner, come to me,
My yoke embrace, my cause espouse, and rest
In life, in death, and in the world above;"
For in that hour of strife, he ask'd a world;
'Twas granted, and the deed was signed in blood.

TO MY SLEEPING BABE.

BY MRS. SARAH A. WEAKLEY.

SLEEP on, sweet babe, thy mother's arm
Is round thee thrown, to shield from harm.
Thine infant form is now my care.
May angels guard thee, is my prayer!
What were thy dreams, my lovely child,
Just then when joyously you smiled?
Do visions bright around thee play?
Do angel bands their forms display?
Do heavenly raptures thrill thy frame—
Seraphic joys thy visions claim?
Or are thy dreams of earthly bliss—
Thy pretty toy—a mother's kiss?
Sure that bright smile comes from a breast,
Which naught on earth has e'er depress'd;
Where yet no evil passions rise—
No wicked thought—no ill surmise.
Thy life thus far is free from sin;
With heaven and holy peace within:
Angelic innocence is thine—
Seraphic joys around thee shine.
I would thou wast thus ever pure;
That naught on earth would ever lure;
That smiles of hope, and joy, and love,
Would ever glad thee from above.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS CONVERT.

BY MISS G. C. C.

ONE of the most sublime and perfect portraitures of character contained in the page of history, is that of the great champion of Christianity—the apostle Paul.

His birth-place was on classic ground—the beautiful city of Tarsus, renowned for its attainments in philosophy and science. With great propriety, then, might the apostle recur with patriotic pride to the place of his nativity, as “no mean city.”

The son of wealthy parents, he was sent to Jerusalem, the resort of talent in every profession, where, at the feet of the most eloquent and distinguished sage of his time, he imbibed that deep and thorough knowledge, of which he made the first practical use against one of the ablest defenders of the cause of Christianity. His fierce spirit mingled with the rest, in that burst of indignation against the holy martyr, who, standing fearlessly in their midst, rebuked, in the dignity of his spirit, the merciless persecutors of his fellow-Christians. As the words of inspiration fell from his lips, his soul burning with scorn at their mean cruelty, he boldly charges them and their fathers, from whom they proudly boasted their descent, as the authors of cruel persecution, and finally, as the climax of their malice and impiety, consigning to an ignominious death the Son of God. He heeds not the movements of his enraged auditors, but, with a courage and truthfulness worthy of his Master, brings home the accusation to their consciences with irresistible power. They hurry him from the tribunal to the place of execution; and Saul gazes with a calm smile of approbation on the blood of the first martyr to Christianity. The death of the apostle Stephen seems at once to have swept away every barrier, which had hitherto prevented the full flow of the tide of persecution; for the decided independence, and terrible enthusiasm of the character of Saul, found at once a channel in which to flow. Not content with the work of destruction he was performing at Jerusalem, he receives, at his particular request, from the high council of his nation, letters to the synagogue of Damascus.

He now forsakes his literary and religious pursuits in the renowned capital of his nation, to wend his wearisome way over trackless wastes, beneath the rays of a torrid sun, to a strange city. He comes, at length, within sight of the beautiful city of Damascus, with its rich domes and spires glittering in the sunbeams. As Saul and his companions gazed upon this scene of surpassing loveliness, he saw a light, more brilliant than the sun, flash from heaven, which struck him to the earth. While in this prostrate position, Saul alone distinguished, in those awful sounds, a heavenly voice, whose words, piercing his heart, transformed the bigoted persecutor and proud Pharisee to the “least of all the apostles.”

View the persecutor, now, as he enters Damascus. Those eyes, which had so often dwelt upon its historic glory, in the brilliant fancies of studious youth, were now blind to the not less brilliant splendors of the reality. Through the arches of those mighty gates, along the crowded streets, and amid the bustling multitudes, the herald of persecution was now led, speechless and amazed. The power of the Christian's God had sealed his physical sight, that his mental vision, being purified from the scales of prejudice and unrighteous zeal, might be better prepared to behold and appreciate the beauty and sublimity of those truths, which would be the theme of his meditations and discourse during his future life.

* * * * *

Several years elapse, during which he who had been the relentless persecutor, became the self-sacrificing Christian.

At the city of Athens, Paul waited for the arrival of his fellow-laborers. He occupies the interval in observations upon that “most glorious of all earthly seats in art and taste.” As the apostle wandered among the numerous works of art, so hallowed in the fond regard of the scholar, man of taste, and poet, the deep fountain of his heart was moved, that the noble spirit of this entire nation should be bowed beneath the yoke of idolatry. Wherever he turned, his eye rested on the altars and consecrated groves. Every stream and fountain had its own bright Naiad; on the plain appeared the majestic colonnades of the mighty temple of Jupiter and the Olympian gods; and, above all, from the high Acropolis, rose over the glorious city the noble Pantheon. These splendid testimonies of that innate spirit of devotion, which ever prompts the heart of man to the worship of some superior power, of whose existence he is ever conscious, excited in the soul of Paul other feelings than those of delight and admiration. His eye was not unsusceptible to the beauties of these works of art, with whose glories he had been long familiar; but over them all was spread a moral and spiritual gloom, that rendered all those rich and noble memories sad and mournful.

Under the impulse of these feelings, we find him standing before the court of the Areopagus, surrounded by a vast concourse of the curious and inquisitive Athenians. There, Paul utters, with boldness, the great revealed truths of Christianity. Never yet, from Athens' most distinguished orators, had been heard a discourse, which, for solemn beauty and lofty eloquence, exceeded these brief declarations of the apostle. Standing on the hill of Mars, encircled by the towers of Athens, the mighty Acropolis rising proudly in the west, and in the east the philosophic Academia, before him sat the most august and ancient court in the Grecian world, waiting for the announcement of his solemn commission, regarding the new deities which he was expected to propose as an addition to the Pantheon. The apostle raises his

eyes to the monuments of their worship, which rose on every side—the mighty temple of the Athenian Minerva—the splendid shrine of the Olympian Jove—the temple of Theseus, the deified ancient king of Attica, and to the new piles which the Grecian adulation had lately consecrated to the worship of her foreign conquerors—the deified Cæsars.

He commences his brief but eloquent discourse, in a tone of dignified politeness, alluding to their devout, yet misguided zeal, the evidences of which everywhere surrounded him. As he concluded, however, with declaring boldly that great fundamental truth of Christianity, the resurrection of the dead, contempt and scorn burst upon him from every part of the immense assembly, at the idea of any thing so utterly absurd.

On the immortality of the soul the most profound of their own philosophers had reasoned; but the notion of the restoration of life to the perished body, the recall to existence of the scattered dust which, for centuries, had ceased to retain the human form, all amounted to the wildest speculation. The proud Epicurean and Stoic turned contemptuously away from the uncivilized pretender, who would induce them to believe so great an improbability.

Never again did Paul appear at Athens, proclaiming those imperishable truths which were destined to withstand not only the contempt of the philosopher, and the revilings of the heathen, but to exalt the name of that despised Hebrew to a fame, before the light of which earth-born distinction must fade away into darkness.

* * * * *

Rome is the scene of splendor and festivity, and, at the same time, of unholy persecution and exquisite suffering.

Nero reigns—that prince of cruelty, who, at one moment, exalts a favorite to honor; at another, plots his downfall and death.

The emperor's bloody career is nearly at a close; and, as if having prescience of his early tragical death, he urges on the work of destruction, selecting, as the victims of his merciless cruelty and refined torture, a small band of unoffending Christians.

It is midnight. The royal palaces resound with revelry and mirth. The magnificent banquet table is crowded with princely and patrician guests—with royal parasites, whose fawning adulation and sycophancy have won for them high places in the emperor's favor. The brilliantly illuminated gardens reveal to the gaze of a multitude of spectators, the burning forms of the sacrificed Christians, whose death-fires are kindled, to minister to the amusement of atrocious Nero and his court.

But there is one retired apartment, at a short distance from this scene of pleasure, within the massive walls of which the sound of mirth and music reaches not. One sole occupant shares the dungeon

gloom. His body is manacled, and bowed to the earth with chains of massive iron; but his free, unfettered spirit, roams with unrestrained liberty. Its mighty inward workings are perceptible in the lofty and determined, as well as sweet and placid expression of his noble countenance. He has lost sight of the cruelties of Nero—he has forgotten his former sufferings, and feels not his present captivity and impending fate. His was not the lot to sink away in the exhaustion of decayed nature, or in the calmness of a quiet and peaceful dissolution: he is doomed to the martyr's death beneath the imperial eye. Yet the hand of violence falls not unexpectedly; and, in the midst of his Christian faith and holy courage, he exclaims: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." He turns from the scene of ignominious death, and, with kindling rapture, contemplating the crown of righteousness reached out to him, he exclaims: "I am ready to be offered up; the time of my departure is at hand!"

"The oppressor held
His body bound, but knew not what a range
His spirit took, unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him was a vain attempt,
Whom Heaven approved."

LOOK ALOFT.

BY VIVENZO.

WHEN comes the time to part,
And speak the word farewell—
When feels the throbbing heart
Much more than words can tell,
Then look aloft.

When o'er the lov'd one's couch
Thy form shall sadly bend—
When every sign shall vouch
That life is at an end,
Then look aloft.

When love no longer brings
The confidence that's giv'n—
When friendship's tender strings
By treachery are riv'n,
Then look aloft.

When storms around thee howl,
And all is dark and drear—
When thunders mutt'ring growl,
And gone is every cheer,
Then look aloft.

When sickness' fevered hand
Is on thy temples press'd—
When thou shalt join the band
By tyrant death oppress'd,
Then look aloft.

GENIUS.

BY REV. B. M. GENUINO.

IN different individuals, genius has a different cast, or appears to be of a different nature; yet, wherever it exists, in whatever way it may lead its possessor to act, it is still the same in its real identity—it is unique originality, acting, or causing persons to act, in particular ways. It is well there is not to be found a person possessing a universal genius. Such a person would be the framer of a thousand schemes, but the finisher of none. He would be dabbling in every thing, and would accomplish nothing. The brief era of man's earthly existence is too limited for him to become a proficient in many arts—his time is too short for him to accomplish many works of magnitude. Wisely, therefore, has the Creator bestowed a diversity of gifts on the children of men.

Many persons possess no particular talent whatever; the ingenuity of some seems only capable of manœuvring in the midst of dollars and cents; the talents of one prompt him to deeds of valor, or to the construction of works of mechanism; while the genius of another pencils the outlines of literature, or arranges the frame-work of science that is to bless a nation with its worth.

The peculiar, native power of Cicero, enabled him to bind the spirits of the senate with a mental chain; and the ill-directed talents of Napoleon made Europe tremble at his frown, and bleed beneath his touch. It was the genius of Homer that struck the Grecian lyre, and the live music of Virgil's soul that breathed on the Roman harp, and rolled its flowing numbers down the tide of classic song. It was genius that led West to paint on canvas the deep sensations of the soul; it made Franklin the charioteer of the lightning, and Morse the ELECTRIC PENMAN of the present age. It still lives, and "operates unspent." It has woven our garments, planted our fields, built our cities, dug our canals, whitened our rivers, and girdled the ocean. It writes our literature, and sings our songs.

Superior genius is often perverted, and applied to *curse* instead of to *bless* mankind; yet it may be doubted whether, in its nature, it is averse to rules, or that it cannot dwell within the sphere of truth. If rules are unnatural, or contrary to truth, it breaks over their limitations. The field of truth is far more extensive than that of fiction; and hence, in the onward progress of the human mind, as each succeeding age develops its power, there is a wider range for the full play of genius, and that, too, in the very school of truth. Did close application, did steady thought, did scientific rules cripple the transcendent genius of Newton? Did he not search for facts? Did he not die exploring truths? When the earth seemed too limited for his school-room, he made the firmament his study, and waded through depths of

ether all glittering with worlds; yet ever did he tread upon the lines of truth, and was guided in his flight by the certainty of mathematical demonstration.

True genius sleeps not on a downy pillow, treads not on silken carpets, nor dwells, confined, in garished towers. It rests as well in the storm as in the calm of even-tide—rides as safely on the lightning's wing as on the handiwork of art. The waters cannot quench its flame; for it was a spark of immortality that lighted up its fires. The floods cannot break in upon it; for it is safely harbored in the soul. Wealth seldom wakes its power, and never gives it birth. Once living, it can never die; and, if sanctified by divine truth, its course is onward—its tendency upward, to its native heaven.

THE SUN.

BY P. J.

STUPENDOUS orb! transcendent visitor to man! from what clime hast thou strayed? Who were thy companions there? Hast thou a father? Or who hath begotten the dew of thy youth? Thou hast ever thy evening magnificence—thy noonday grandeur—thy morning freshness. The zephyrs of spring distil continually from thy lips. Thou hast always the beauty of summer; thy hands perpetually scatter the fruits of autumn; and the polar frosts, blended with the rich varieties of the seasons, hang their crystalline chains over thy youthful bosom. Thou art an ever-speaking monument of the great Jehovah. Thy fadeless light declareth his imperishable glory—thy fixed station the immutability of his decrees—thy regular visits his providential care of man. Upon the wheels of thine own apparent omnipotence thou dost travel swifter than the cannon's ball. "And who hath searched out thy way?" Swifter still fly thy orient beams, pervading, with a kind of ubiquity, thine almost boundless empire. Imagination tires while following thee in thy "little rounds," and reason sinks overpowered while but contemplating the vestments that skirt thy vast dominions. Had thine Author handed forth nothing else from the heavens, thou art enough to declare his ubiquity, the eternity of his existence, the omnipotence of his arm, and the overpowering majesty of his transcendent beatitudes. Thou dost but peep upon our earth, and Nox and Somnus, quitting their abodes, make their flight equal to the haste of thy coming. Ten thousand times ten thousand beings spring into activity. Drooping flowers lift their smiling faces, while thy soft hand gently wipes their tears away. Thy fair daughter, Aurora, seated in her "rose-colored chariot, by celestial horses" drawn, with the morning star beaming over her head, diffuses the most jasmin fragrance, and kindles the most elysian raptures.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1847.

THE RULING PASSION.

NEVER, since the world was made, did a mortal so clearly demonstrate the power of a ruling passion, as did the Cardinal de Mazarin, the high priest and prime minister of Louis the Fourteenth. There is probably no instance on record, in which the force of a guilty habit, in the very face of death, is more strikingly displayed.

"In 1630," says Miss Pardoe, who has given his character to the life, "he had barely emerged from obscurity, and had, for all fortune, his diplomatic subtilty and his indomitable ambition; while, in 1661, he died possessed of a sum equal to two hundred millions of the money of the present day. He died unmourned even by his own family, every member of which he had raised to rank and opulence; for his avarice had counteracted the effect of his exertions. Each felt that he was striving rather to exalt himself through them, than to benefit their individual fortunes; while they resented the parsimony which, after decorating them with a rank requiring a corresponding expenditure, left them in a position that prevented their upholding it with dignity.

"In short, the avarice of Mazarin had passed into a proverb, and both friends and enemies were subjected to its withering effects. Every circumstance afforded him a pretext for augmenting his hoards; and his favorite axiom, whenever he was thwarted, of 'They sing, they shall pay for it,' was never once contradicted throughout his whole period of power.

"Mazarin felt no compunction in cheating at cards, which were, at that period, the ruling passion of the court, and, miser as he was, habitually risked the gain or loss of fifty thousand livres in a night; while, as a natural consequence, his temper ebbed and flowed with his fortune.

"Perhaps the most amusing anecdote connected with his avarice, multitudinous as they were, was an equivocal which occurred only a few days before he breathed his last, and within an hour after he had obtained the absolution which his confessor had, for a time, withheld. The Cardinal had just transmitted his will to Colbert, when some one scratched at the door, which having been interdicted, Bernouin, his confidential valet-de-chambre, dismissed the visitor.

"'Who was there?' asked Mazarin, as his attendant returned to his bedside.

"'It was M. de Tubeuf, the president of the chamber of accounts,' replied Bernouin; 'and I told him your Eminence could not be seen.'

"'Alas!' exclaimed the dying man, 'what have you done? he owed me money; perhaps he came to pay it; call him back—call him back instantly.'

"M. de Tubeuf was overtaken in the anteroom and introduced. Nor had the Cardinal deceived himself. He was, indeed, come to liquidate a heavy gambling debt, and Mazarin welcomed him with as bright a smile as though he had years of life before him, in which to profit by his good fortune, took the hundred pistoles which he had brought in his hand, and asked for his jewel-casket, which was placed upon the bed, when he deposited the coins in one of the compartments, and then began to examine with great interest the valuable gems which it contained.

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"'You must give me leave, M. de Tubeuf,' he said, with emphasis, as he lifted a fine brilliant, and passed it rapidly across the light, 'to offer to Madame de Tubeuf—'

"The president of accounts, believing that the Cardinal, in acknowledgment of the heavy sums which he had from time to time gained at the card-table, on his account, since he had been too ill to act for himself, was about to present the precious gem which he then held in his trembling fingers, moved a pace or two nearer to the bed with a smile upon his lips.

"'To offer to Madame de Tubeuf—' repeated the dying miser, still gazing upon the jewel—'to offer to Madame de Tubeuf—my very best compliments.' And, as he ceased speaking, he closed the casket, and made a sign that it should be removed.

"Nothing remained for the discomfited courtier but to make his bow and depart, with the mortification of feeling that he had been, for an instant, so far the dupe of his own wishes, as to believe, that while he was yet alive, Jules de Mazarin could make up his mind to give away any thing for which he had no prospect of receiving an equivalent."

ROYAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

KINGS, who, it is said, can do no wrong, have, at least, done a great deal of harm. Their worst influence, perhaps, is that exerted by their courtly extravagance. While the subjects toil hard, and are at last but very scantily fed, their sovereigns are rolling in splendor and wealth. It was so with Louis the Fourteenth. His income, so immense, that, when hundreds of millions had been embezzled from it by his faithless ministers, he could not appreciate or even recognize the loss, was thrown away upon his costly vices, while his people were eating oat-meal bread to keep them from starvation. But the courtiers of such a monarch always imitate their head. Their example, in its turn, goes on descending from one rank to another, until the entire population of a country becomes corrupted by the improvidence and profusion of the court. The kings of Persia, we are told by the Greek historians, used to appropriate the revenues of certain provinces to particular articles of dress; and, in this way, by a very common figure of speech, they received titles indicative of their relation to the wardrobe of the family of the king. One would be called, for instance, the King's Night-Cap; another, the Queen's Girdle; a third, the Prince's Slipper. The poor people of these provinces wrought hard, and paid their taxes, knowing that their money was thus squandered in luxury. Ruin, rebellion, or revolt, was the word always upon their lips. It was for this reason, that, in its greatest strength, the kingdom of Persia was found by the Greeks to be but a rope of sand. It fell to pieces at a touch. But the same cause always works the same results. The French, the English, and the American Revolutions were occasioned in the same way. The extravagance of the English court, prior to our Revolution, has been clearly exposed by American writers, and, occasionally, by the bards of the mother land. Thus John Taylor, the Water Poet, speaks indignantly of those, who, in his nervous language,

"Wear a farin in shoe-strings edged with gold,
And spangled garters worth a copy-hold;
A hose and doublet which a lordship cost;
A gaudy cloak three manors' price almost;
A beaver band and feather for the head,
Prized at the Church's tithe—the poor man's bread."

NOTICES.

BROOKS' GREEK LESSONS. *Sorin & Ball.* 1847.—This book we have examined with a good deal of care, as we do all works of its class, and especially those relating to the Greek language. We have found much real merit in this little volume. Embracing many of the improvements of former editors, it has some very valuable ones of its own. It is both analytical and syncretical in its method; but the synthesis is better than the analysis. The analysis of the verb, for example, is by no means perfect. The roots of words are not kept distinct from their prefixes and affixes; but this defect is by no means so great as in Professor Anthon's books. On the whole, Mr. Brooks' Lessons are as good as any now in use, and, in some respects, even better. We hope the book will have success.

SPECIMEN OF A NEW EDITION OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, with a *Clavis*, by *N. C. Brooks.* *Sorin & Ball.* 1847.—This work is by the same author as the one above, and will do much more to establish his reputation as a scholar. It is really a very excellent edition, unsurpassed, indeed, entirely unequalled, in our opinion, by any other now extant. The text is very carefully printed, and the notes are very able. There is a sort of running comparison kept up in them between the descriptions of the poet and the language of the Bible. This is a fine idea. The quotations from the English poets are, also, apposite and excellent. The illustrations, or pictorial embellishments, are very beautiful, and are from designs, we understand, furnished by the editor himself. We repeat, this is the best edition of Ovid now extant, and will, of itself, establish the reputation of Mr. Brooks on a rock. The enterprising publishers, also, have done themselves great credit by the very splendid manner in which this work is printed. We are almost certain it will have an abundant sale.

HEMANS' READER FOR FEMALE SCHOOLS, containing extracts in *Prose and Poetry*, selected from the *Writings of more than one hundred and thirty different Authors.* *W. B. Smith & Co: Cincinnati.*—The title of this work, as we have copied it, gives the reader a perfect description of its character, and needs no comment from our pen. It is printed on good paper, and in a very fair, clear type.

THE SYSTEM OF AMERICAN UNIVERSALISM, exhibited and exposed in a *Sermon.* By *Rev. M. Hill.* *Swormstedt & Mitchell.*—This is the ablest discourse we have ever read or heard preached on the subject of Universalism. It has run up to the fourth edition, and ought to be read carefully by every person interested in this important subject. Mr. Hill, whom we know well, and whose name has been dear to us for many years, is one of the very best controversial writers in this country. A package, containing a thousand copies of the *Sermon*, is now at the Book Room, ready for circulation. Let them be scattered all over this western country. We know of nothing, which, as a tract for general distribution, would do better service for the cause of evangelical religion.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT. *Original and Selected.* *Monthly.* *Rev. Jonathan D. Bridge, Editor.*—We have once before written a favorable notice of this work, which, however, it appears, on inquiry of the printer, was crowded out by other matter having precedence. The *Pulpit* has always been a work of high merit; but it is now more meritorious than ever. The

October number is the best thus far issued. It contains two excellent sermons, one from the pen of Rev. Dr. Bates, the other by Rev. Sidney Dean, both of which are equal to any of their predecessors. The editor of the *Pulpit*, as we know from personal acquaintance, is a man of sound mind, unusually strong intellectual abilities, extensive and correct learning, and thorough editorial accomplishments. In his hands the *Pulpit* will rapidly rise to the very highest character for every needful quality in such a work.

AN ADDRESS, delivered before the *Literary Societies of Randolph Macon College, June, 1847.* By *Charles F. Deems, Professor in the University of North Carolina.*—This is an able and eloquent production, abounding in evidences of the author's extensive and judicious reading, strong in sentiment, beautiful in style, and altogether vigorous and impressive.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, for the last quarter, is one of the very best ever issued. It is wonderful how our enterprising ministers can forego the profit and pleasure of its regular visits. We should feel lost, so far as our current theological literature is concerned, without it. The likeness of the Rev. J. B. Finley, notwithstanding the criticisms passed upon it, is really not so bad as it has been represented. Although the ordinary expression of his face is not as stern as in the picture, we have seen him put it on for a moment. Not long since, in our own parlor, while relating an anecdote requiring a determined cast of countenance, he realized exactly, as we then thought, the peculiar look caught by the watchful artist. The occasion, however, passing with the moment, his features fell back again into their ordinary settled, good-natured, self-relying position. The editorial department of this number is more than usually entertaining; and the contributors have more than done their duty. They have done it ably.

THE ANALOGY OF RELIGION, *Natural and Revealed.* By *Bishop Butler, with an Analysis, Life, and Preface by the Editor of this periodical,* is in press at the time of this writing, but, before this number of our work is distributed, will be ready for the public. We think we may say, without self-adulation, that it will be the best edition of the great master-piece of Dr. Butler ever published. We have spent many months of hard labor on it, and have resolved to make it a specimen of what books should be. It is printed in the most beautiful manner, and is to be bound in fine muslin covers. We expect to see it in all our schools and colleges, and hope it may not fail to find its way into all our Christian families. We know of no work on a religious subject, except the Bible, which so perfectly meets the wants of the present generation. It is a perfect Gibraltar in religion.

THE LITERARY REGISTER, published at Philadelphia, by Rev. W. H. Gilder, is a most desirable literary periodical for all literary men. It has, thus far, given universal satisfaction. It has, certainly, more than realized our personal expectations.

MINUTES OF THE MAINE CONFERENCE, forwarded by our old and esteemed friend, Rev. C. W. Morse, is a model of what such minutes should be.

THE HOME MAGAZINE AND FIRESIDE READER, for November, an excellent work, and a good number.

THE CHRISTIAN WREATH, for October, good, like its predecessors.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE closing number of the year, reader, is now before you; and, for want of room, and for that cause only, it brings you but about six pages from the editorial pen. But our contributors have done their part so well, that you have neither lack nor loss, on our account, to mourn.

It would be easy, so far as the labor is concerned, to write all the matter for the work ourself. It would be, indeed, much easier than the task we now perform; for it requires more time, more care, more hard work, to keep the run of a score or two of regular correspondents, to read all the irregular contributions sent to us, to correct, enlarge, abridge, or otherwise modify many articles full of matter but bad in orthography, or loose in style, than to compose an equal number of pages on our own account. Our readers, also, see only the articles which we print, and may imagine it not so hard a task, after all, to prepare the matter thus printed. They know not the bushels of rejected correspondence, which, whatever be the needful labor, we are compelled to read.

Nor would a person, inexperienced in the business, readily conceive the amount of matter which an editor of such a work is called upon to write. By a slight calculation, we are assured, that, to write and print an ordinary lecture or address every week, would not exceed the number of pages, which, as editor of the Repository, we have contributed during the year; and what person, what minister, what president or professor of a college, would be anxious to write and publish a pamphlet of sixteen ordinary pages every week! And yet, reader, the composition of our own articles is, really, not *one-third* of the labor we have this year performed.

It is known, perhaps, to many of our readers, that, added to our official relations to the Repository, we are the responsible editor of all the books of the general catalogue published at the Western Book Concern; and, it is well enough to add, that more has been done the past year, in the publication of new works, than in any two or three years before.

But, with even this increase of duties, we have had strength left to preach the blessed Gospel nearly every Sabbath, and to lecture regularly, when at home, during the greater part of the year, to a class of Sabbath school teachers and superintendents, four times a week.

But an editor, it may be said, should have more time than all these duties will allow, to read. That depends on the way in which he spends his time. Never, for the last twenty years, have we read as many pages in the same period, as in the year now drawing to a close. One thing, however, we ought to say, that we cannot accuse ourself of having spent one hour, for the last year, in idleness.

But we expect, gentle reader, if we cannot be more industrious for the coming year, to be more successful. The past has been a schoolmaster. We just begin to feel acquainted with our business; and we repeat, what we said in our last issue, that we have formed the deliberate resolution, to spare no pains in making the next volume the best of the entire series. The Agents are with us in this resolution; and we will state a few points on which our readers may anticipate improvement.

1. The embellishments will be the best ever used in the Repository. We have had a first-rate New York artist at work for us nearly all the past year, on designs imported from London; and we can say, without exag-

geration, that his pictures are among the best we have ever seen. Four of the plates for the next year, at our own suggestion, will illustrate the four great events in the life of Wesley—his escape from the flames of Epworth, his visit to the shores of Georgia, a scene from middle life, and, to close with, his tomb. These will be splendid things, and would, of themselves, cost as much, at any book-store, as we ask for a year's subscription. We have, also, procured, at a large outlay of means, a series of almost unrivaled embellishments, illustrative of the scenery of the west. This series is entirely new and rare. Other fine embellishments will be scattered along, as the seasons call for, throughout the year. On the whole, so far as engravings are concerned, the Repository was never so admirably supplied.

2. The contributions will, for the next volume, be shorter, more carefully written, and better matured. They will, also, take a higher range of topics, imparting to the work a rank superior to that which it has thus far maintained. We have invited to our columns several of the first writers in the country, some of whom have very cordially responded to our call. The old favorites, on the other hand, of our numerous readers, will continue to write for us. Essays, scenes, sketches, literary and religious disquisitions, and articles of every character,

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe,"

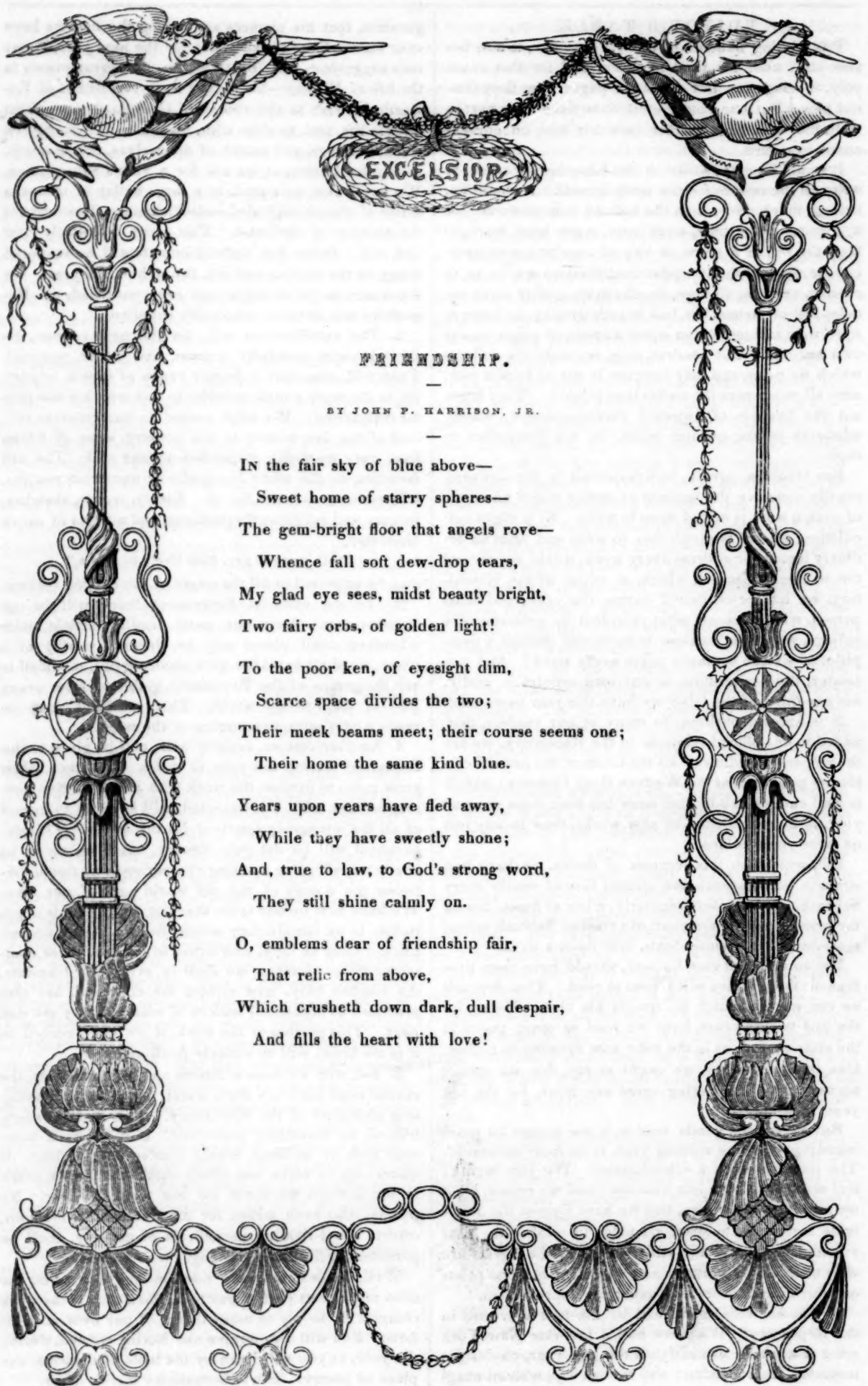
may be expected to fill the pages of the coming volume.

3. In the editorial department there will be an improvement. After our usual leading article, with whatever small pieces may be deemed worthy of a place, we shall hereafter give choice gems, modified to suit the genius of the Repository, gathered from every part of the literary world. This, we think, may be made a very attractive portion of the work.

4. Another feature, entirely new, will be given to the Repository during the year to come. We have taken great pains to furnish the work with a few foreign correspondents, who, it is expected, will keep us informed of all the interesting details of European life. This department will be not only literary, but domestic in its character, affording amusing comparisons, no doubt, between the doings of the old world and of our own. We have now on our table the first fruits of this negotiation, in an introductory article from a highly accomplished German lady, who writes in French. Her communications, however, we shall in every case translate. An English lady, now visiting the continent, has also *promised* us occasional notices of what she may see and hear. This portion of the work, if we can succeed in it as we hope, will be entirely fresh and new.

5. Yet, with all these additions and improvements, the reader need have no fears about the moral and religious character of the Repository. This shall, at every hazard, be inviolably preserved. Not a jewel, however rich or brilliant, which dazzles only to lure, or blazes only to make one blind, shall ever find a place in the diadem we covet for our work to wear. No person, who even writes for the unblushing, fictitious, trashy, novel-rivalling periodicals of the day, shall be permitted to desecrate our pages with his name.

Well, reader, we have now finished our table, the most ungracious part of our task, when duty to the work compels us to say so many things of our own poor efforts. You will also forgive our having written, during the year, as you will learn by the table of contents, one piece of poetry. It was because we had no other.



FRIENDSHIP.

BY JOHN P. HARRISON, JR.

IN the fair sky of blue above—
Sweet home of starry spheres—
The gem-bright floor that angels rove—
Whence fall soft dew-drop tears,
My glad eye sees, midst beauty bright,
Two fairy orbs, of golden light!

To the poor ken, of eyesight dim,
Scarce space divides the two;
Their meek beams meet; their course seems one;
Their home the same kind blue.

Years upon years have fled away,
While they have sweetly shone;
And, true to law, to God's strong word,
They still shine calmly on.

O, emblems dear of friendship fair,
That relic from above,
Which crusheth down dark, dull despair,
And fills the heart with love!

